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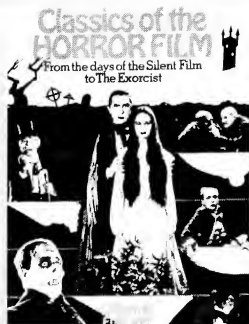
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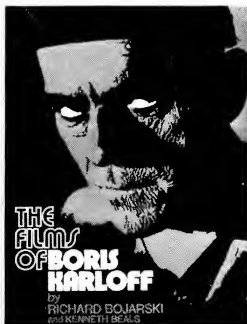


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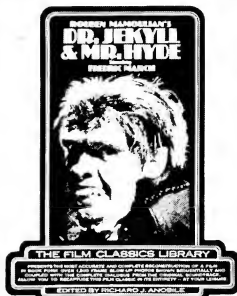
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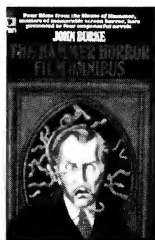
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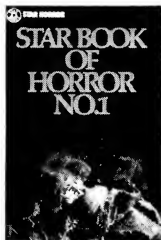
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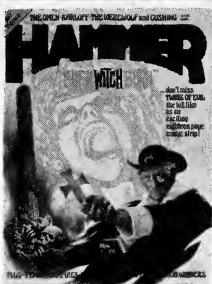


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HISTORIANS CALL THAT PERIOD FROM THE TIME ROME FELL TO THE 11th CENTURY **THE DARK AGES** BUT FOR THE MASS OF THE PEOPLE NO ERA WAS DARKER THAN THE 17th CENTURY — WHEN SUPERSTITION LIKE AN UGLY SPECTRE STALKED EUROPE... WHEN SUSPICION SPREAD LIKE A FEARFUL PESTILENCE THROUGHOUT THE LAND... WHEN THE FEAR OF SATAN COLOURED MEN'S MINDS HIDEOUSLY... URGING THEM ON TO GHASTLY DEEDS...





starring **PETER CUSHING** and **MADELEINE & MARY COLLINSON**

DENNIS PRICE.....Dietrich
HARVEY HALLFranz
ISOBEL BLACK.....Ingrid
KATHLEEN BYRON Katy Weil

DAMIEN THOMAS....Count
Karnstein
DAVID WARBECKAnton
Hoffer

ALEX SCOTT	Hermann
KATYA KEITH	Countess Mircalla
ROY STEWART	Joachim

Directed by JOHN HOUGH; Scripted by TUDOR GATES, from characters created by J. SHERIDAN LE FANU; Music by HARRY ROBINSON; Produced by HARRY FINE and MICHAEL STYLE, Released in Britain by Rank, 87 minutes. (c) Hammer Film Productions.



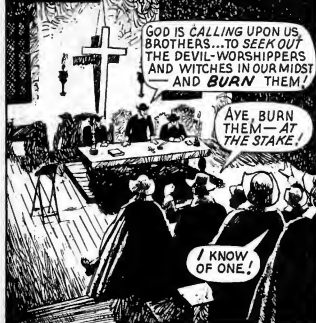
MARIA AND FRIEDA GELLHORN—IDENTICAL TWINS. EVEN THEIR AUNT KATY CAN'T QUITE TELL THE DIFFERENCE...



GUSTAV WIEL—SENIOR ELDER OF KARNSTEIN VILLAGE...A MAN OF STERN UNYIELDING PRINCIPLES.



THESE ARE BUSY TIMES FOR THE GOOD MEN OF KARNSTEIN. THERE IS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE—MUCH EVIL TO BE ROOTED OUT...



GOD IS CALLING UPON US, BROTHERS...TO SEEK OUT THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS AND WITCHES IN OUR MIDST—AND BURN THEM!

AYE, BURN THEM—AT THE STAKE!

I KNOW OF ONE!



THERE IS A COTTAGE IN THE WOODS. A YOUNG GIRL LIVES THERE...ALONE! SHE REFUSES TO TAKE A HUSBAND.

THEY SAY SHE HAS...MANY HUSBANDS. I'LL WARRANT SHE KNOWS SATAN!

THEN COME, BROTHERS—LET US AIDE!

AYE, TO HORSE!

BURN THE WITCH!



THEY RIDE HARD, THESE GOOD MEN OF KARNSTEIN. THEY ARE EAGER TO GET TO GA/PS WITH EVIL...



LOOK! A LIGHT!

THEN FORWARD, BROTHERS—INTO THE HOUSE!

THE WITCH IS ALONE!



BUT THE "WITCH" IS NOT ALONE...

WHAT THE DEVIL D'YOU WANT, WEIL? AFTER MORE YOUNG GIRLS TO BURN, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T BURN THIS ONE—SHE'S MINE!

COUNT KARNSTEIN!



OUT, BLAST YOU! YOU NEED YOUNG GIRLS, ALL RIGHT, WEIL—BUT NOT TO BURN, EH? THERE ARE OTHER EXCITEMENTS...

WHY, YOU DECADENT...



BUT AS GUSTAV WEIL RAISES HIS PISTOL...THERE IS SUDDENLY A BLUR OF SPEED AND A FIGURE STANES BETWEEN HIM AND THE COUNT—A HUGE FIGURE—MENACING...IMPLACABLE.

YOU NO SHOOT MY MASTER...

NONSENSE, JOACHIM. LET HIM! THINK OF THE PLEASURE IT'LL GIVE THE REST WHEN THE HANG HIM. EVERYONE LOVES A GOOD HANGING!

YOU ARE EVIL, COUNT KARNSTEIN...EVIL!



BUT EVEN GUSTAV WEIL FINDE IT DIFFICULT TO ASK HIS CREATOR'S FORGIVENESS FOR THE SINS OF THE LOAD OF THE MANOR...

HIS WHOLE LIFE IS DEVOTED TO SINFUL PLEASURES...THE PURSUIT OF LUST!

THEN YOU'D BETTER PRAY FOR ME, WEIL...

GUSTAV—YOU MUST NOT MAKE AN ENEMY OF COUNT KARNSTEIN. HE IS A POWERFUL MAN.



AYE — AND DEBAUCHED, TOO, CURSE HIM! THOSE PARTIES HE HOLDS — MEN AND WOMEN STRIPPED NAKED, I HEAR...



THEY INDULGE IN PAGAN RITES... WORSHIP THE DEVIL! BUT THE LORD WILL DESTROY HIM! AYE OR THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD!



FRIEDA! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

LISTENING, MARIA... TO A CATALOGUE OF SINGS! OH, I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET THIS COUNT KARNSTEIN!

AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT KARNSTEIN WOULD BE GLAD OF A DIVERSION... ANY DIVERSION...



YOUR EXCELLENCY IS PLEASED WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT...?

GOD'S DEATH! IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN DO? OUT, YOU DAMNED CHARLATANS — OUT!



NO! IT'S A SHAM, AND WE BOTH KNOW IT, DIETRICH!



... BUT LEAVE THE GIRL.

OH, YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY. OF COURSE...

...THIS WOMAN!



THEY KNEW MY ANCESTORS. THEY DIDN'T PLAY AT BEING EVIL. SATAN TAUGHT THEM DELIGHTS AND PLEASURES... BEYOND THE GRAVE.



RELEASE ME, MY LORD... I'LL SHOW YOU DELIGHTS YOU'VE NEVER DREAMED OF!

YYAAAARGH!



OH, LORD OF DARKNESS... I AM WEARY OF THIS WORLD AND ITS PATHETIC PLEASURES. GIVE ME THE POWER TO DO YOUR EVIL — AND IN TOKEN OF MY FAITH, I OFFER YOU...



FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, KARNSTEIN STANDS BY THE BODY OF THE DEAD GIRL— THEN, SUDDENLY, HE BECOMES AWARE THAT HE IS NOT ALONE...



YOUR PRAYER TO THE LORD OF DARKNESS HAS BEEN ANSWERED, MIRCALLA!



WHAT...? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? SPEAK!

MIRCALLA KARNSTEIN? BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU DIED OVER A CENTURY AGO!

... YOU WILL BECOME ONE OF US!

UGGH!



NOT DEAD — BUT... UNDEAD! A VAMPIRE! AND NOW...

SECONDS PASS — AND SUDDENLY COUNTS KARNSTEIN IS AWARE OF A NEW EXCITEMENT PULSING THROUGH HIS VEINS...



YES... YES! MY IMAGE IN THE MIRROR... FADING AWAY! I AM... A VAMPIRE!



END OF PART ONE. PART TWO STARTS ON PAGE 20.

Media Macabre

FILM SCENE News

Here's the latest lowdown on what's happening in the world of film fantasy compiled by our resident reporter of horror happenings, Tise Vahimagi...

Avalanche

Roger Corman's New World Pictures are laying out a total sum of 2,000,000 dollars on a new 'disaster' epic, **Avalanche**. Novelist and scriptwriter Gavin Lambert is penning the screenplay.

'The great thing about an avalanche, unlike *The Towering Inferno* or *Earthquake*, is that it's over very quickly. Disaster movies nearly all have crummy scripts; that's the problem,' says Lambert. The company are still seeking out a suitable mountain resort for the location filming, expected to start early this year. Regarding the avalanche, Lambert intends it to come out as 'an act of God against too much tourism—a kind of cosmic revenge.'

Lancaster Horror

American International's production of *The Island of Dr. Moreau* remake (see HoH 6) has signed Burt Lancaster to take the role of Dr. Moreau. Don Taylor is directing the film, which started production in December.

Redone Regan

Exorcist II: The Heretic is expected to see release in June, in America. This sequel to Warner Bros' extremely successful evil-infant chiller, *The Exorcist*, brings back the story of Regan (the demon-possessed child, played again by Linda Blair) when she is an 18-year-old teenager. Here, the demon is rekindled during an hypnosis session with a priest (Richard Burton). The climatic scene promises to be an impressive twist on the original.

Ellen Burstyn, who played Regan's mother originally, doesn't appear in the sequel, and the character is explained off as

being on location filming an Irwin Allen disaster movie. Max Von Sydow repeats his part as the exorcist, despite being killed off in the first picture. Von Sydow turns up in a flashback sequence, exorcising an African child. John Boorman (who gave you *Zardoz* back in '73), replacing Sam O'Steen as director, has had more than his share of problems with the Washington and New York locations as the locals and residents objected to the film unit working on matters dealing with exorcism.

'We're making no attempt to top the original in terms of vulgarisms and blasphemy, but we're still going to scare the hell out of them,' says producer Richard Lederer.

Title Trap

Death Trap, the new chiller by Texas Chainsaw Massacre director Tobe Hooper has now been released in America as **Slaughter Hotel**.



Fog Cleared

The bestselling book, *The Fog*, by James Herbert has been acquired for filming, planned to start this year. The thrilling story deals with a massive chemical disaster and the effects that drive everyone in South East England insane.

Wonder Woman

BBC TV will start screening

the latest Warner Bros version of **Wonder Woman** this February. This is the 13-week season based on the 1940s look superheroine featured in the American Superman-DC comics, not to be confused with the 'new-look' **Wonder Woman** pilot show from Warner Bros last year, that failed to get high enough viewing ratings for a season to be made. If you're not confused enough already, the pilot show of the new old-look **Wonder Woman** was aired in London at the end of last year, and will be networked also this February... but by ITV! With this series, Warners seem to be hoping for the same success that met rival adventure ladies **Policewoman** and **Bionic Woman**. In fact, it may be scheduled to appear on BBC TV in the same time slot as ITV's **Bionic Woman**.

R.S.P.C.H!

The Wildlife film has taken a

is it a bird? is it a plane? No it's WONDER WOMAN!

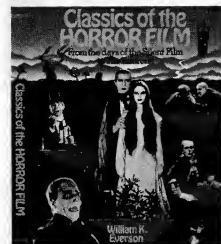
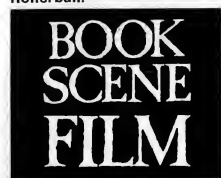


Media Macabre

turn, and the turn is **Day of the Animals**. 'For centuries they were hunted for bounty, fun and food... now it's their turn!' say the ads. This reverse of nature pic stars Christopher George, Leslie Nielsen, Linda Day George, Richard Jaeckel, Michael Ansara and Ruth Roman. William Girdler directs from a script by William Norton.

Prize Offerings

The Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films has selected **Burnt Offerings** as the best horror/fantasy film of 1976. The film stars Karen Black, Oliver Reed, Burgess Meredith and Bette Davis. 1975's winner in the science fiction category was **Rollerball**.



Classics Of The Horror Film

Among the rampage of film-books that infest the book stores these days there are some that take it upon themselves to introduce the '50 classic films' or 'classics of the cinema'; it is really possible to select a limited amount of films and suggest that these represent the 'classic' moments in over 70 years of cinema? It is, of course, more logical to personally select established 'classic' moments from just one genre, as the output would be more limited and standards within the field more easily drawn.

It is within these limitations that William Everson has selected and drawn up a list of what he considers to be among the 'classics'

of the Fantasy film genre from over the last six decades.

William K. Everson, to validate his position, is a film teacher at New York University and has many film-books to his credit. He was responsible for arranging the original two screenings of the original two screenings of the newly rediscovered 1933 Karloff film **The Ghoul** (the first at New York's Museum of Modern Art and the second at London's famed Gothique Film Society back in 1970).

In *Classics of the Horror Film* (£6.50) William Everson has chosen over 50 films to discuss in the context of being 'classics' of Fantasy filmdom, many of which will come as quite a surprise to some readers.

For his chapter on 'The Silents' the author takes a look at some rarely seen material, such as **Sparrows** (1926), and comments that it 'is a genuine horror film... along with **The Magician**, (1926), which is one of the few authentic silent examples of the 'Mad Doctor' genre of horror thrillers.' There are also the obvious titles, with **The Phantom of the Opera** and **The Man Who Laughs**. Everson's perception and logic make his comments all the more interesting, for he approaches each film from the point of it being a contribution to the genre rather than a segment in the history of the cinema. The *Frankenstein* saga with all its sequels and off-shoots is covered in a separate chapter, and each film is discussed on its own merits.

Paramount's 1931 thriller, **Murder by the Clock**, is just one of the curios to be included in a book dealing with horror 'classics'—although a moody and atmospheric film, rarity may be its only value!

Among the essential inclusions is James Whale's excellent **The Old Dark House** (1932), on which Mr. Everson remarks: 'More than just a delightful example of its genre, *The Old Dark House* is a prototype in reverse; a belated blueprint and summing up of all that had gone before in this kind of film, distilling the best from all of them, yet adding so much that was uniquely James Whale's.'

Vampires, too, get their own chapter, which looks at the 1930 **Dracula** ('never quite the definitive Vampire film that it deserved to be...'), **Dracula's Daughter** ('is a followup that one can both enjoy and respect...'), **Son of Dracula** ('somewhat shy of the sustained horror set-pieces that the aficionados expected...'), **Return of the Vampire** ('more traditional stuff'), **The Vampire's Ghost** ('its excitement highlight was a lively barroom fistic brawl'). For Hammer's 1958 **Dracula** the author writes 'of all their *Dracula* films, the first was the best.' Kiss of

the Vampire is considered 'Hammer's best Vampire film...'

Mr. Everson uses up 247 pages to explore his 'classics' of horror: for Lugosi buffs there is **White Zombie**, **The Black Cat**, **Mark of the Vampire**, for Karloff buffs there is **The Mummy**, **The Ghoul**, **The Black Room**, **The Walking Dead**, **The Man Who Changed His Mind**, **The Devil Commands** and **The Body Snatcher**.

Other chapters cover *Werewolves*, *Edgar Allan Poe*, *Madness*, *Old Houses*, *Hauntings* and *Possession*. There seems to be something for everyone interested in films of fantasy. The 'greatest of all Monster movies... King Kong, has a chapter to himself that includes most of the later films influenced by this tour de force of animation.

Classics of the Horror Film is a wholehearted retrospective of the Gothic fantasy film; the author explains: 'For the most part, although there are exceptions, I have limited myself to films which aim purely and simply at being horror films, eliminating thereby virtually all of the later science fiction films, The War of the Worlds, Them, and such psychological thrillers as the first *Love From a Stranger* or the *British They Drive By Night*, all of them films that certainly had horrific content.'

This book deserves a place on the bookshelf of anyone addicted to horror/fantasy films, not only on the grounds of its exciting and informative text but also for the near-400 finely reproduced photographs that complement the text.

Basically, the reader who agrees with Mr. Everson on some of the chosen 'classics' will enjoy what the author has to say about them, and the films that some readers may consider unworthy of merit are discussed in such a fascinating way that they could alter many opinions.

T.V.

Fandom's Film Gallery Issues 1 & 2

With nothing much exciting happening at the moment in the world of fanzines, it came as a very pleasant surprise to discover a well-produced Belgian fanzine called *Fandom's Film Gallery*.

Editor Jan Van Genechten has two issues out, to date, and should be congratulated on a job well done. These two publications have devoted an entire issue each to analyse, review and generally evaluate the merits of *Dracula* and *Night of the Living Dead*.

FFG1 takes a 66-page look at Hammer's 1958 *Dracula*, which opens with an engrossing and

highly informative script synopsis and film review (by the editor himself). Various articles and reviews by some of America's top horror-fanzine writers are reproduced to give the reader maximum exposure to the many qualities of this classic film. If you think you know all there is to know about *Dracula*, then pick up a copy of *FFG1*—it'll give you quite a few surprises and a lot of good reading.

Night of the Living Dead is the subject of *FFG2*, and offers an extensive coverage of this cult-classic. Here we have 92 pages giving an in-depth survey and reviews. There is even a section dealing with films that have come under the influence of this George Romero chiller, including such titles as *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*, *The Living Dead at Manchester Morgue*, etc. Again, this mag gives you just about all that can be said on *Night of the Living Dead*.

Both fanzines are written in English and are well illustrated with intelligently selected photographs and frame-blowups.

With these two publications, Mr. Van Genechten has added to the interests and pleasure of everyone (however remotely) interested in films of fantasy.

If *FFG1* and *2* are to be judged as a standard of quality, then this reviewer eagerly looks forward to *FFG3*, which promises an equally interesting observation of Hammer's *Curse of the Werewolf*.

Because these publications are virtually specialised paperbacks, the price of £2.00 is quite justified. *Fandom's Film Gallery* is published irregularly by Jan Van Genechten, Lintseinsteweg 95, 2540 Hove, Belgium. Definitely not to be missed.

—T.V.



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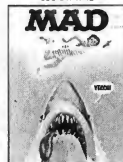
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MM14. Lee poster, Sam Peckinpah.



MM vol 2, No. 1 Lee poster, It's Alive.



MM vol 2, No. 2. Scars of Dracula, Lee poster.



MM vol 2, No. 3. Scars of Dracula, Lee poster.



Doc Savage. Facts and pix on film & books.



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Kung Fu 2 David Carradine issue.

MY FAVOURITE THINGS

by John Brosnan



Richard Wordsworth as the tragic monster in The Quatermass Experiment.

Horror, like humour, is often very subjective. What scares one person doesn't necessarily scare someone else, just as a joke may prove hilarious with one listener but fall flat with another.

Nevertheless, there are certain basic aspects of horror that affect most people, due to the fact that human beings, no matter what their country or culture, share a number of basic fears—such as the fear of the unknown, the supernatural and

death itself.

It's because of these common fears that the horror film is very much an international phenomenon—Dracula is popular in countries as culturally far apart as England, South America and Japan—whereas comedies are usually confined to the country of their origin.

One of the basic devices of the horror film maker is the 'shock effect'—the sud-

den surprise moment that makes you jump out of your seat. Such effects are relatively easy to produce and even a mediocre director can usually pull them off successfully. But it takes a good director to really make the most of them. Someone like Alfred Hitchcock, for instance. His film *Psycho* contains at least three prime examples of the art of the shock effect.

The technique is not to include too



Top—Frederic March as Mr. Hyde. Above—Joan Collins in *Tales from the Crypt*.

many in one film but to build up to each one slowly, lulling the audience into a false sense of security and then—*wham!*—letting them have it when they least expect it. The first real shock in *Psycho* occurs when the girl (Janet Leigh) is killed in the shower. Because it's become a classic sequence it's now something of a cliché (and 'was beautifully sent up in *The Phantom of the Paradise*) but at the time it came as a complete surprise.

What made the attack so unexpected was the fact that Janet Leigh was the *star* of the film, and the sequence took place only a third of the way into the film! Until Hitchcock broke the rule, one just didn't have one's female star brutally stabbed to death that early in a film, if one ever had her killed at *all!*

Detective Victim

The next shock in *Psycho* occurs when a detective (Martin Balsam), hired to find the missing girl, starts to search the old house behind the motel where the girl was last seen. As he reaches the top of the staircase a door suddenly opens and an 'old woman' leaps out and slashes him across the face with a knife. He falls backwards down the stairs and the 'old



Gerrit Graham spoofs his way through *Phantom of the Paradise*.

Below—Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates in Alfred Hitchcock's classic, *Psycho*.



woman' follows him down and stabs him again. This time the shock effect has worked because we didn't expect anything to happen to the detective that quickly—as he had only just entered the house. Once again Hitchcock caught us off-guard.

The third shock is a double one. Those who have seen the film will know that it appears there are two people living in the house—the old woman who is committing the murders, and her unwilling accomplice son (Anthony Perkins). So when the sister of the dead girl follows in the detective's footprints, and comes across an old woman in the basement, sitting with her back to her, we expect another shock moment—such as the old woman leaping out of her chair brandishing a knife—but Hitchcock turns the tables on us by providing us with a totally different surprise: When the girl touches the woman on the shoulder the figure slowly turns around... and we see a mummified face with empty eye-sockets and a rictus grin!

Shock Effects

This shock is immediately followed by another when a figure in a long dress, and holding a knife, suddenly appears in the doorway. It is, of course, the son who has been masquerading as his mother all along, but before he can add the girl to his list of victims he is overpowered by her male companion (John Gavin). (One should point out that the shock sequences in *Psycho* are given added impact by the accompanying music—a nerve-jangling screech of violins—composed by the late Bernard Herrman.)

Another film maker who knows the value of such shock effects is Milton Subotsky, who produced such films as *Tales from the Crypt* and *Asylum*. "There aren't many ways you can shock an audience," he told me. "I watched so many horror films when I was a kid and I noticed that the audiences only yelled at two things—one is when there is a slow build-up and then suddenly something happens, and the other is when you have a shock effect without any build-up at all.

I love doing these shock scenes and I think audiences enjoy them. We did one in the first story in *Asylum* when the hand comes out of the freezer and grabs Richard Todd. And also in the first story in *Tales from the Crypt* when the murderer's hands come through the window at Joan Collins. I think that stuff is great. Anything that involves an audience and gets them screaming, laughing, or anything, is marvellous."

Baby Killer

A recent horror film that was full of very good shock effects as well as a great deal of nail-biting suspense was *It's Alive!* (which has been strangely underrated by horror fans it seems).

The story concerned a mutant baby who, immediately it's born, kills all the medical staff in the delivery room and leaps through a sky-light to freedom. It then goes on a rampage of destruction, killing a woman, a milkman and several policemen, among others.

Okay, so the plot is somewhat ludicrous but it's *how* the film is shot that makes it so effective as good horror. The first point in the director's favour (Larry Cohen, who also wrote and produced the film) is that he doesn't show the baby very clearly—instead he presents it in a series of very fast, almost subliminal, shots—thus ensuring that the audience doesn't have its suspension of disbelief disturbed by too long a look at the creature (not that the little monster lacks menace in itself—being done by Hollywood make-up man Rick Baker—it's a truly creepy piece of work with bulging head, large eyes and vicious-looking teeth and claws). But by just *suggesting* the creature and its movements instead of showing them in detail Cohen skilfully increased its basic horror, and by concentrating on one of the prime characteristics of babies—that they crawl around on the floor—he has added to the horror in a different way. The idea of a monster that might be slithering around under your bed, ready to leap out when you least expect it, is much more frightening than the type of monster who crashes through your bedroom window and bites you on the neck or carries you to the top of the Empire State Building. It says a lot for Cohen's skill as a director that he can transform something like a crawling baby into one of the most terrifying monsters in recent screen history.

It's Alive! is literally crawling (sorry) with shock effects but the most memorable ones take place near the end of the picture. The father of the child, understandably upset, returns home after a vain search for the creature and discovers that his refrigerator has been ransacked. Knowing of the child's voracious appetite he realises it can only mean one thing... that it's somewhere in the house!

Then begins the father's search of the



Patrick Magee and menacing devil doll from *Asylum*.

house in a nerve-wracking series of scenes which reach a peak in the basement when a large toy dog falls out of a cupboard on top of him—a beautiful example of the jump-out-of-your-seat type of shock. If

The Cat People

you haven't seen *It's Alive!* I recommend it wholeheartedly. It's fast-moving, very clever and the tension never lets up. The absurdities of the plot aside, one could describe it as an almost *pure* horror film. (For more details and colour pics, see *Monster Mag*, Vol. 2, No. 1.)

But horror films don't necessarily depend on shocks to make them effective. Some of the most memorable films, in my opinion, are those that successfully created an atmosphere of unease by playing upon one of those basic fears that I mentioned

earlier, as well as such things as claustrophobia and paranoia—two very common ingredients in horror films. One producer who specialised in the more subtle type of horror was Val Lewton who made a number of films in the 1940s. The first was *The Cat People* which was about a woman who turns into a large cat (a werecat?), but unlike the wolfmen films of the time the creature itself was never seen, instead it was suggested by various shadows and sounds (though the studio, RKO, insisted that Lewton inserted a shot of an actual panther into one scene). The film was a big success which proved that audiences, even then, could appreciate subtle horror films as well as the more traditional kind.

Not that Lewton's films were without shocks of their own. One of my favourites



Barbara Murray and Roy Dotrice face 'eternal death' in *Tales from the Crypt*.

occurs in *The Leopard Man*, which concerns a series of murders in a small Mexican town that appear to be the work of a leopard. Though not as good as most of Lewton's films it does contain this one masterful shock sequence where a young Mexican girl is ordered by her mother to go out into the night and buy some urgently needed provisions from a store on the other side of town. Scared of the dark, the girl doesn't want to go but her mother locks her out of the house and refuses to let her back in until she has returned from the shop. The girl's subsequent journey through the shadowy streets is full of suggested menace but her return trip—after she has visited the shop and learned of the escaped leopard—is even more of a nightmare. And her fears are finally confirmed when she encounters, under a railway bridge, a pair of glowing eyes. Terrified, she runs the rest of the way home . . . only to discover, when she arrives, that the door is still locked. Her mother, believing that the child is just imagining things, ignores her pleas to open the door . . . until there is a loud crash as something heavy slams into the door and the girl's cries are suddenly cut off. The mother then looks down at the floor to see a trickle of blood seeping in under the door. . . .

Isle Of The Dead

Another memorable moment of Lewton-type horror takes place in *Isle of the Dead* which was about a group of people trapped on a small Greek island while a plague rages on the mainland. During the course of the film one of the characters—the wife of a British Consul—appears to die of the plague but is really only suffering from catatonia, a state of death-like sleep. She is put in a coffin which is then sealed in a stone crypt . . . all is silent except for the steady drip of water onto the lid of the coffin. There is a long pause as the camera remains focused on the coffin . . . then there comes a hideous scream. The woman has awoken and found herself in the one situation she has dreaded most of all. That's *real* horror—the sort we can all appreciate.

The above sequence depended on claustrophobia for its effect, which is something that often goes hand-in-hand with paranoia in horror films—the belief that one is trapped and surrounded by enemies. One notable film that utilised both of these fears was *Night of the Living Dead*, a small-budget production about a group of people besieged in a house by hordes of walking dead—corpses brought back to 'life' by a mysterious radiation from outer space (a full review appears in *House of Hammer* No. 3). Like *It's Alive*, the basic absurdities of the plot can be ignored in favour of how well the situation is handled—and in *Night of the Living Dead* it's handled very well indeed. It is unremitting in its steady build-up of harrowing tension and claustrophobia



Omega Man Charlton Heston on the trail of the undead.

as the zombies gather in increasing strength outside the house and make repeated attempts to break in. What adds to the horror is that no one in the house survives . . . one by one they fall victim to the flesh-eating monsters until only one man is left alive. And he is killed by his would-be rescuers who mistake him for one of the zombies! (For yet more information on this movie, see our Media Macabre Review of Fandom's Film Gallery elsewhere in this issue.)

A similar film, though much less effective, was *The Omega Man* which had Charlton Heston as the lone survivor of a plague that had turned everyone into vampires. It was based on the ultra-paranoid novel *I Am Legend* by Richard Matheson (it had also been filmed previously as *The Last Man on Earth*). A strong streak of paranoia runs through all of Matheson's work which includes *The*

Legend of Hell House and *Duel*—the latter being about a motorist who is chased, for no apparent reason, by a large petrol tanker . . . it's really a horror film for motorists.

Possession is something that is very big in horror films at the moment, thanks to *The Exorcist* but it's been a familiar theme in the genre for many years. Possession has always been the cause of a basic human fear—the fear of losing one's personal identity; of being taken over by someone or 'something' else.

Quatermass

Among the films to have successfully exploited this is the classic *Invasion of the Bodysnatchers* and also *The Quatermass Experiment*, one of my all-time favourite horror films—and the subject of next issue's illustrated film adaptation. It concerns an astronaut who returns from space



Wounds from a spiritual encounter: Legend of Hell House.

infected by an alien spore that slowly proceeds to take over his body and transforms him into a hideous 'thing'. Richard Wordsworth, as the afflicted astronaut, gave a performance equal to that of Karloff's as the Frankenstein Monster and in several scenes, aided by Phil Leakey's subtle make-up, managed to convey a real sense of being something-utterly *alien* to human experience. One of the most chilling moments in the film takes place when his wife, unaware of what is really happening to him, arranges to have him smuggled out of hospital and into her waiting car. But already he has begun to change—one of his arms has absorbed a cactus plant and is now a shapeless mass studded with spikes. Hiding his arm under his coat he gets into the car and his wife drives off—happily prattling on about how everything is going to be alright now. He sits silently in the car as she talks, watching her with an unreadable expression on his face. What is watching her through those eyes? The alien? The dwindling remains of what was once her husband? Or a mixture of both? It's a truly disturbing sequence, not because of what it shows but what it *implies*. The sequence ends with her stopping the car and demanding to know what it is he is hiding under his coat. She pulls the coat away . . . and screams.

For what happens *next*, you'll have to wait to read our comic-strip adaptation next issue.

Tube Killers

Pathos is another important element in horror films—a creature such as the one in *Quatermass* or *Frankenstein* is more effective than a purely evil one because we can sympathise and partially identify with it—which brings me to another of my favourite horror films. . . .

Deathline was made in 1972 and directed by Gary Sherman from his original story. It's a cheap but rather ingenious little horror film full of macabre touches about a series of mysterious disappearances that take place at night in Russel Square underground station.

It turns out that over seventy years ago a group of workmen, as well as a few women, involved in the construction of an extension tunnel between Russel Square and the British Museum, were buried alive in a cave-in. Ever since then they had been trapped underground, living on a diet of rats and water. Understandably, on that diet, the community hasn't exactly prospered since the cave-in but they have produced a few children over the years. Now, however, there are only two of these unfortunate offspring left—one man and a woman, and the woman is dying. The man, a hulking monstrosity well over 6 feet tall has managed to find his way into the tube tunnels and is now supplementing their diet by nabbing the occasional unwary late-night traveller from the platform of



Top—Von Sydow as *The Exorcist*. Above—*The Man and mate* in *Death Line*.

Russell Square station!

Once again the plot is basically ludicrous but that doesn't detract from the moments of real horror, and pathos, that the film contains. When the monster's wife finally dies his anguished cries of grief are quite touching, as is the sequence where he lays her to rest in the community's burial room which is full of corpses in varying stages of decomposition.

Three Little Words

Another nice touch is the fact that the monster is unable to speak except for three words . . . words that he has heard coming again and again from the station overhead. They are—wait for it—'*Mind the doors!*'

Considering that's all the dialogue he has, actor Hugh Armstrong, who plays the monster, really make the most of it. By varying his delivery of those three words he manages to range up and down the

whole emotional scale, 'Mind the doors!' serving either as an exclamation of rage or an imploring plea for understanding. All this serves to make Armstrong, assisted by some literally scabrous make-up by Harry and Peter Frampton, one of the more memorable movie monsters in recent years. Like *It's Alive!*, I recommend **Deathline** if you can catch up with it. It's one of those horror films that lingers in the mind.

At the beginning of this column I noted that horror is often very subjective and I've told you of my personal favourites. But now we'd be interested to know what *you*, the readers, find most horrifying in horror films. So why not write in and give examples by describing the scenes in a horror film that most affected you, for better or worse! If we receive enough reactions perhaps we can compile a special readers' column featuring a few of your favourite THINGS!

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21 page illustrated adaption of 1958 Dracula; Kronos; Lee biography & filmography; 1930's; FX; Brazilian Horror; etc...



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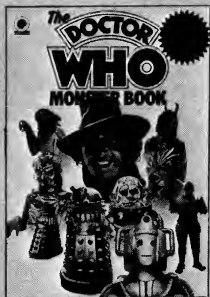
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MOVIE MONSTERS



1



2



3



4

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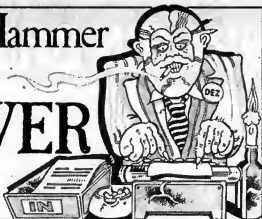
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House of Hammer

ANSWER DESK



Paul Hughes, of Watford, Herts., is displeased with the television programmers, and asks why are horror films shown so late at night? The reason being, Paul, that tv companies are obliged to show any film that received an 'X' certificate originally in cinema after 10 o'clock at night. The only solution to your problem that we can offer is in making these films into illustrated film-books and features for you to read in *House of Hammer*.

STAR BIRTHDAYS

For Stuart Hall, of Warley, West Midlands, here are the birth-dates of his favourite fright film players: Peter Cushing (1913-), Vincent Price (1911-), Boris Karloff (1887-1969), Dave Prowse (1935-), Lon Chaney Jr (1907-1974), Lon Chaney Sr (1883-1930), Bela Lugosi (1882-1956), Oliver Reed (1938-), Elsa Lanchester (1902-), Fred Gwynne (c.1924-) and Glenn Strange (1911-1972).

DRACULA & FREAKS

Alasdair Ferguson, of Uddingston, Lanarks, would like to know if any complete prints of Tod Browning's *Freaks* exist?

Well, Alasdair, the copies of this film in Britain have had running-times of 61 and 63 minutes. Copies available, currently, run at 64 minutes, as was the original American release runningtime.

Alasdair also asks if Chris Lee is likely to ever appear in a film literally based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*?

Despite his 'retirement' from Hammer's *Dracula* series and his unsuccessful *Count Dracula*, Mr. Lee still hopes that one day someone will approach him to do a film that remains totally faithful to Stoker's literary classic. One can't help but wonder how commercial this 1897 script would be, though.

As an interesting aside, Lee recently completed the French film, *Dracula and Son* (yet to be released in this country). Apparently, the 'Dracula' title was a last-minute inspiration we are told, as Lee believed himself to be playing *another* vampire count at the time!

A final note for our friend from Uddingston; the 1958 *Dracula* is

available on 8mm in the UK under the title of 'The Legend of Dracula', consisting of 3 reels, and is priced around £56.00.

Michael Hedges, of Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales, would like to know if his favourite chiller, *Scars of Dracula*, will be showing up on television in the near future.

We're sorry to say, Michael, but neither BBC TV or ITV have yet acquired this 1970 Hammer film for screening. However, with the interest in late-night horror programmes, *Scars of Dracula* may well turn up sometime this year.

CINEMASPEAK

Some film terms used by writers in their articles, including those seen in the pages of *HoH*, have caused confusion to Miles Bennell, of Santa Mira, Calif., who would like the following explained: *Pan*, or *Panning* shot, is a horizontal movement of the camera on its pivot (this is altogether different from a *Tracking* shot); *Tracking* is the forward or backward movement of the camera on a dolly towards or away from the object; *Dolly* is the name of a trolley from which the *Tracking* shots are made; *Filter* is a tinted disc placed over the lens for special lighting effects, such as for night scenes shot in daylight; *Overlap* is used in dialogue where two or more characters speak their lines at once (*The Thing from Another World* is a beautiful example of this method).

Also, the differences that command either the use of 35mm (millimetre) or 16mm film depend largely on the frame size (area shown on screen). Because of the distance between the projector and the screen, 35mm film is the one generally seen at the cinema. 16mm film is generally shown at smaller screenings, such as film societies, etc. For home use, the usual gauge is 8mm, a much smaller film for showing over a small distance (such as your living-room).

TERENCE FISHER

For the many requests we've received asking for off-set shots, we reproduce, especially for Dave Shaw of Glasgow, Robert Lee of Cardiff, Jim Wnoroski of Long Island, USA, Grahame Corbett of London SW17, Bob Martin of London SE17, a few showing director Terence Fisher in action on Hammer films *The Gorgon* (1964) and *Sword of Sherwood Forest* (1960).

HAMMER HISTORY

Finally, you ask why is the company called *Hammer Films*? Well, Will Hammer (whose real name was William Hinds) formed a company called *Exclusive*, with Enrique Carreras, in the 1930s. In 1934 this became *Hammer Productions Ltd*, with Will Hammer as chairman. It was not until 1949 that the production company became the *Hammer Film Productions Ltd* that we know today. For a detailed history of *Hammer Film Productions*, keep a lookout for future issues of this mag as this project is now being planned.



Left: Fisher & Cushing on set of *Sword of Sherwood Forest* (1960). Above: Fisher watches camera set-up for *The Gorgon* (1964).

TWINS OF EVIL

PART TWO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.





A DELICIOUS LANGUIDRA STEALS OVER FRIEDA, THEN HER PULSE QUICKENS... AS THE DESIRE FOR BLOOD BECOMES TOO PIERCE TO BE DENIED!



SOME TIME LATER, DIETRICH STUMBLES OUT OF THE CASTLE INTO THE NIGHT... HE IS DRUNK... AND FRIGHTENED. NEVER BEFORE HAS HIS MASTER THE COUNTACTED SO STRANGELY...



AHH! THAT'S... BETTER! GOT TO... GET AWAY FROM HERE. KARNSTEIN'S... CHANGED, SOMEHOW. ALMOST THINK... HE WANTS TO... KILL ME...



...IF THEY EXIST AT ALL...



YOU KNOW THEY EXIST!

BUT DIETRICH IS NOT DESTINED TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF COUNT KARNSTEIN...



My... GOD!



YAAAAARRHH!

NOW THE SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE HANGS LIKE A PALE OVER KARNSTEIN VILLAGE. NO ONE IS SAFE. THE DEATHS CAUSE EVEN A SCEPTICAL ANTON HOFFNER TO BECOME UNEASY...



YOU SAY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES, HOFFNER—YET THE EVIDENCE IS ALL AROUND YOU! BODIES DRAINED OF BLOOD... PEOPLE YOU'VE KNOWN ALL YOUR LIFE!

YOU... YOU MAY BE RIGHT...

RIGHT? OF COURSE I'M RIGHT! THIS EVIL MUST BE STAMPED OUT... IT IS THE LORD'S WILL! THE VAMPIRES MUST BE FOUND... CONSUMED IN THE PURIFYING FLAMES!

YOU'RE A FANATIC, WEIL! IN ANY CASE, ONLY A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART OR DECAPITATION WILL END THEIR EVIL! FIRE IS USELESS...



AND SOON, FOR ANTON HOFFNER, DOUBT BECOMES CERTAINTY...



WEIL! WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?

YOUR OWN SISTER, HOFFNER—LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT THE MARKS ON HER NECK!

MY... GOD! INGRID!

AYE! LUCKY SHE WAS PURE-HEARTED, HOFFNER! THE PURE DIE FROM THE VAMPIRE'S BITE—ONLY THE EVIL LIVE ON!





EVEN FAMILIAR FIGURES CAN BE STARTLING—IF THEY APPEAR ABRUPTLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

THAT NIGHT, HYMNS ARE SUNG AT THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE VILLAGE BROTHERHOOD—BUT THEY ARE NOT HYMNS OF JOY...



HERMANN IS LATE, FRANZ. WHERE IS HE. DO YOU KNOW?

NAV, HERR WEIL—HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW...

HERMANN'S HORSE IS LAME. HE HAS TO WALK THROUGH THE FOREST—AND THE FOREST IS DARK...AND FULL OF STRANGE NIGHT SOUNDS...



COME ON, OLD GIRL. NOT FAR, NOW, EH?



UHH? WHY YOU GAVE ME QUITE A FRIGHT CHILD. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT SO LATE...

YOUR UNCLE WILL BE ANGRY WITH YOU... MARIA? OR IS IT... FRIEDA?

BUT HERMANN HAS NO TIME TO GUESS—NO TIME AT ALL...



GUESS...



AAAH!



IN PURSUIT OF DRACULA COMPETITION WINNERS

Here they are! The final results to our 'In Pursuit Of Dracula' competition that appeared in **House of Hammer 4**.

You may remember, we asked you to answer ten questions on vampires of the films, complete a sentence saying why you'd like to go In Pursuit Of Dracula, and the first prize would be a 2-week holiday in modern day Transylvania with the Dracula Society. A holiday worth almost £250!

After hours and hours of ploughing through your post cards, Michael Carreras (managing director of Hammer Films), Bruce Wightman (chairman of the Dracula Society) and Dez Skinn (editor of **House of Hammer**) finally selected the top ten entries. But then, upon contacting the lucky ten, we were hard-pressed to find one of them who could actually go! College teaching, work, under age, one would-be winner was actually producing a stage version of Dracula the same weeks!

Finally, we found a vampire hunter in Vincent Mattocks of Rednal, Birmingham, who, at time of writing this, should be sharpening his stakes and dusting down his passport all ready to leave for two weeks in Dracula-land.

As soon as possible, we'll be giving you a photo-feature on how Vincent makes out on his quest!

Second prize, of an original Hammer filmstrip, have gone to Mrs H. Thomas of Pentrebach, Glamorgan, and David Whitehead of London E.1.

Third prizes, of a free original poster (measuring 30 x 40", in full

colour) of Dracula has Risen from the Grave, go to our fifty runners up.

These fortunate fifty are: Stephen Raines, Enfield; Raymond Morris Fraser, Edinburgh; Colin Yates, Norris Bank, Stockport; M. Howell, London, N4; Miss J. Whibley, Tunbridge Wells; John Hudson, Glasgow; Simon Forer (age 11) Nuneaton; John Hunt (14) Capel St Mary; Derrick Sheldon, Wilerby; Peter M. Vick (14) Douglas; Joe Buchanan (14), Clydebank; Tim Goode, Midsomer Norton; Steven Bredaz, March; Susan L. Ward, Stourton; Ivan Turcay (14), Oldham; Richard Brierley (12) Pendlebury; Mark Coles (15), Brentwood; Nicholas Rackham (14), Brentwood; D. Hall (14) Carleton; William Lindsay (15), Lochgelly; Stuart Crockell, Bridgwater; Scott Smith (13) Taplow; Andrew Evans (14) Llanelly; Mrs. Grace, Golembiewski, Rastalrig; Raymond Edwards, Chatham; John Webster, Fulham; R. Pape, Swansea; Noale Parker (16), Burnley; S. Richardson, Leeds; A. Stubenrauch, Blackpool; Paul Leech, Sydenham; Gordon Vowles (13), Tipton; I. Prince, Treorchy; Philip Cornforth, Darlington; Martin Walsh, Brentford; Roger Seale, Axminster; Shahe Wilkinson, Kings Lynn; Alan Mansfield, Hertford; Russ Sumner (15), Tonbridge; John Pegg (13), Slough; J. Marshall (13), Blackpool; Derek Gowdy, Crawley; John Lindley, Sheffield; John Killick, Worthing; William Firlinger (14), Kingsbury; David Whitlock, Bournemouth; D. Wilson, Heston-le-Hole; Peter Quarmby, Tow Law; Andrew Pearce, Blackpool; Rick Daniels, Christchurch.

One of the most impressive things to come out of the competition was how knowledgeable some of our younger readers are. A special 'congratulations' going to Simon Forer of Nuneaton, our youngest prizewinner... age 11! Watch out, Messrs Gifford, Brosnan *et al.*, in a few years you may find competition on the bookshelves from some of the new breed of Horror Historians!

Next issue, space permitting, we'll be printing the correct answers to the quiz, along with the names of the not-so-lucky entrants, who answered all questions correctly, but didn't make it into the top fifty.

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COLIN CAMPBELL, 'BIYTOO',
PLAINS ROAD, GT TOTHAM,
MALDON, ESSEX.

Review by John Brosnan
Directed by Richard Donner.
Produced by Harvey Bernhard.
Written by David Seltzer.
Special effects by John Richardson.
Director of Photography Gil Taylor.

Starring Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, David Warner, Billie Whitelaw, Harvey Stephens, Patrick Troughton and Leo McKern.

The Omen is the latest in the long line of films about demonic possession but even if you're completely fed up with that particular theme it's still a film worth seeing. The plot is fairly predictable, right up to the inevitable 'surprise' closing scene, but it's the way the film has been made that makes it something out of the ordinary. In style it's nearer to *Don't Look Now*, Nicolas Roeg's supernatural masterpiece, than to *The Exorcist*, which must be good

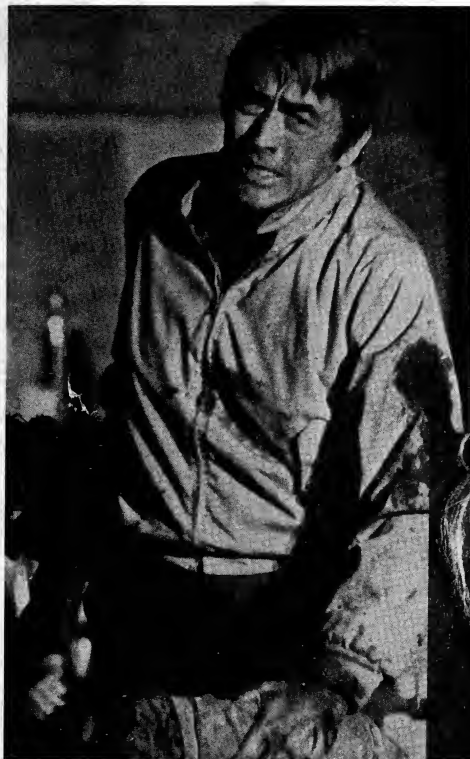
THE 66 OMEN

news to those who are getting weary of green vomit, spinning heads and restless furniture. Like *Don't Look Now*, *The Omen* has a strong atmospheric quality but lacks the brooding sense of unease that the former film possessed despite the fact that *The Omen* makes use of a few of Roeg's disturbing symbolic devices, such as breaking glass, that were so effective in

Don't Look Now. For all its shocks and supernatural elements I found *The Omen* a strangely undisturbing film—it's more like an above-average thriller than a horror film.

The plot, as I said, is a familiar one to horror fans—the adopted son of the American Ambassador to Britain turns out to be the son of Satan—the Anti-Christ—who will one day

be responsible for causing the end of the world... if he lives. The boy himself (Harvey Stephens) is a cute little five-year-old but the Ambassador (Gregory Peck) and his wife (Lee Remick) slowly become aware that something is wrong with him when they notice that he has a violent aversion to churches, scares the hell out of animals (except for a sinister brown dog that becomes the child's guardian) and that people around him have a tendency to die in a variety of nasty ways. First the boy's nanny hangs herself from the roof of the Ambassador's residence while a birthday party is in progress in the garden below; then an eccentric priest (Patrick Troughton), who tries to warn the Ambassador about his son, is impaled by a falling lightning rod; and even the Ambassador's wife becomes a victim when



Ambassador Thorn (Gregory Peck) drags his screaming son into an empty church. To rid his family of the evil influence that threatens them, Peck intends to perform a ritual murder.

On the altar steps, Peck about to begin the multiple ritual stabbing.



Peck and Warner attempt to discover the force behind the tragedies.

Fire victim Father Spilett (Martin Benson).



she is knocked over a balcony by the boy's tricycle—she survives that fall and is taken to hospital, only to be later sent crashing out of a window to her death . . . and a photographer (David Warner) who attempts to assist the Ambassador in his search for the answer to it all is gruesomely beheaded by a flying sheet of glass.

It's the handling of these various deaths that really makes *The Omen* so memorable as the special effects involved — are outstanding! John Richardson is the son of Cliff Richardson, a veteran physical effects expert who has been active in the field since the 1920s. Now semi-retired his son has taken over the family business and, like his father, has become one of the best effects men in the British film industry. (John's work is always alarmingly realistic — as can be seen in not only *The*

Omen but in films like Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*.) The death of the priest is spectacular — chased by a supernatural storm that blasts lightning bolts at him, he runs to a nearby church but is unable to enter . . . and it is then that the lightning rod topples from the roof and hits him, penetrating the top of his left shoulder and exiting from his back, impaling him in an upright position—but this is almost tame by comparison to the wife's slow-motion death dive from the hospital window—a horrific fall that ends with her crashing through the roof of an ambulance with such force that the vehicle's windows explode and her body is sent crashing out through the back doors. But the *coup de grace* comes with the death of the photographer—again shown in slow-motion—which in gory detail his head being separated from his body by

by the sheet of glass that has hurtled off the back of a truck. The sight of David Warner's head slowly spinning in the air

above the moving sheet of glass while his body topples over below is one I won't forget in a hurry. If John Richardson doesn't get this year's Oscar for Special Effects there ain't no justice!

The other thing that makes *The Omen* different from most horror films is its cast. Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, David Warner etc are not the sort of names that one usually associates with the genre. All give good performances but special mention must be made of Billie Whitelaw as her portrayal of the evil nanny, Mrs Baylock—a sort of demonic Mary Poppins—is marvellously chilling.

The Omen, then, is a stylish and, in some ways, above-average horror film but more because of the care with which it was made than because of any originality in its script. It will never reach classic status but it's definitely worth a visit.

Lee Remick plummets 15 feet from a balcony after being hit by her son



Young Damien violently attacks his mother (Lee Remick).



Father Brennan (Patrick Troughton) impaled by a falling lightning rod.



THE
GOLDEN AGE
OF HORROR
featuring

BORIS KARLOFF

Denis Gifford, the author of the definitive book on Boris Karloff—**Karloff: The Man, The Monster, The Movies**—pauses in his chronological study of the Golden Age of Horror Films for an extended look at the life and times of the movies' greatest Monster.

THE paragraph in *Film Weekly* for the 25th of July, 1931, was short and to the point, a snidely amusing point typical of the gossip pars of the period. Thirty little words, set sixteenth in a string of second-class squibs aptly entitled 'Rest of the News in Brief'. How many of the readers of 'The National Guide to Films' gave it more than a short smirk, that Saturday morning 45 years ago? Yet from it stemmed a trail of terror the likes of which the screen had never seen. And in the tail of those thirty words, a sting of pure pathos.

Bela Lugosi, who will play the leading role in Frankenstein, earned his first money for holding a girl's dog while she sat on a park bench and kissed her sweetheart.

Whether the tale of the dog was true or not matters little now. Perhaps it was a concoction of a forgotten Universal Studio publicist under instructions from above to humanise their contract vampire. For Bela Lugosi, for a top box-office star, was receiving markedly little in the way of publicity in the popular fan-mags. Perhaps this minimal adulation was upsetting that one-time Romeo from romantic Hungary. His previous press plug had been even less interesting: 'Bela Lugosi the Hungarian actor has become a naturalised American' (July the third). The pathetic twist would come years later, as we re-read the paragraph with hindsight. For Lugosi rejected the role of the Frankenstein Monster out of hand, claiming dislike for the makeup and objecting to the lack of dialogue. A decade later, aged and suffering from drugged pain, he would be glad to accept the role and to be made up in the image of the man who took over the Monster in the original film. The man who became a star because of Lugosi's high-handed turn-down. Boris Karloff: the man a monster made.

One week after their 'News in Brief' piece, *Film Weekly* promoted the new pro-

duction to a scare headline: 'New Talkie Horrors!' with the sub-head 'Spine-chilling Pictures on the Way.'

Hollywood is now determined to exploit the most primitive of all human emotions, fear. Greater than hate, only a little less than love, fear has swayed the decisions of mankind throughout the ages. The film-makers realise this, and a series of three talkies offered by Universal bears ample testimony to the variety of which fear films are capable.

Following a hefty, hair-raising plug for *Dracula*, generally released on Monday, August the third, the writer went on:

Then there is to be Frankenstein, the story of a man-made man, an automaton which passes beyond human control and, turning on its creator, avenges itself for its very



The classic face of the classic monster, invention, before running amok among other terrified men.

There was no mention this time of Bela Lugosi as the Monster. Seven days later there was more news under the heading 'Britain to Lose *Journey's End* Hero'. Colin Clive ('yet another front rank artist') had been offered a contract by Universal Pictures.

His first part will be the 'Monster' hero of Frankenstein, Mrs Shelley's eerie story of a

man-made human being. He will have the option of remaining in Hollywood for five years at a princely salary.

Clive was released from his West End success, *Crime at Blossoms*, and on September the fifth made it into the columns of *Film Weekly* once again. This time they had it right:

Colin Clive flew from New York to Hollywood to be in time to begin work in the title role of Frankenstein. The complete journey from London occupied the record time of only seven and a half days.

The same day Carl Laemmle, the Universal 'Uncle', arrived in London for discussions with his biographer, John Drinkwater. Characteristically Laemmle wasted no opportunity for publicity, and his press statement was headlined 'Stealing Britain's Thunder: Carle Laemmle Dispute with Theft of James Whale and Colin Clive.' The two Englishmen had become associated through the original stage production of R. C. Sherriff's unwanted war play, *Journey's End*. As producer and actor (Clive played Captain Stanhope) they had risen together like rockets. After taking two tickets to America to work on the talkie version of the play, Whale had stayed on to direct *Waterloo Bridge*, another 'British' Great War picture, for Universal. Given the standard second picture to direct, Whale had selected *Frankenstein*, a property gathering dust since Lugosi's walk-out. Said Laemmle:

'Mr Whale is now directing *Frankenstein* at Universal City. When this production was first mooted, it was he who suggested sending to London for Colin Clive to interpret the part of the Monster. Americans have been extremely keen on Colin Clive ever since his magnificent performance in *Journey's End*, and I thought that it would be a good thing if he were brought back into films'.

But as the Monster? Did Whale really consider his handsome friend perfect for the part of a revived corpse? Or was Uncle Carl making the same mistake as so many moviegoers would: equating the 'title role' of *Frankenstein* with the Monster? Three weeks later and the facts were there in full. Donovan Pedetty, himself fated to become a film director (albeit a Quota Quickie King) in the fullness of



time, was dubbed *Film Weekly's* Special Representative in Hollywood. In his series of full page reports 'A Londoner in Hollywood' (Pedelty was actually an Irishman!), came one date lined September 26, 1931, and headlined 'Horror Films Made in Secret!'

The current secrets of the film city are, for once, not who is in love with whom, but what two men look like. Two 'horror' films are being made with a decent reticence rare in film production. At Paramount's Hollywood studio Fredric March is doing his transformation from the douce Dr Jekyll to the hideous Mr Hyde in 'boxed-in' sets. At the Universal studios, Boris Karloff, playing the synthetic monster 'made' from fresh corpses in *Frankenstein*, is under an oath of secrecy. Once made up he is not allowed to leave the studio or see visitors until the makeup is removed. His journeys to and from his dressing-room and the sound-proofed stages are made with a hood over his head and face, and with gloves covering his hands. His meals are served to him in private.

Boris Karloff! The name had a weird enough ring, but also a familiar one, to the keenest of picturegoers of those early Thirties. Those who went to the Marble Arch Pavilion on October the seventeenth might have caught a quick preview of the shape of things to come: Karloff played Frankie Darro's father in *The Mad Genius*, John Barrymore's follow-up to

Loose, the creature stalks along the timbers, his mind filled with fear.



Right: The creature pleads for understanding.



Wanting help and getting none, the Monster finally turns on his creator.

Svengali, a tale of a mesmeric, club-footed dancer. Others may have called to mind the dark-skinned, gaunt-faced villain of countless epics of the northwoods, piracy, and Bombay, California. It was the face of the crew-cutted convict of *The Criminal Code*, now the murderous minion of *Graft*, that James Whale saw lunching in the Universal commissary and began doodling on the tablecloth. (In his hungrier days, Whale had been something of a caricaturist for the theatrical papers of London.)

'Boris Karloff's face had always fascinated me, and I made drawings of his head, added sharp, bony ridges where I imagined the skull might have joined. His physique was weaker than I could wish, but that queer, penetrating personality of his, I felt, was more important than his shape, which could easily be altered.'

Easily perhaps for the costume designer and the make-up man; less easily for the actor. Humble Karloff, the British-born William Henry Pratt of Dulwich, of Merchant Tailors and Uppingham School, of Kings College and Kamloops, Canada, was a veteran extra, bit player and character man of 44 years and 69 films, not counting the chapters to several serials.

In and out of Hollywood from 1919, the promise of stardom in 1931 sparked little response in his tough old body, tanned yet already bending at the legs. He sat through three weeks of hell in the make-up chair while Jack P. Pierce, unsung genius of the putty and the paint, and James Whale, blossoming in his new-found directorial power, built up and tore down version after version of Mary Shelley's made-up Monster. Pierce's original concept, worked out with the film's first slated director Robert Florey, had been an adaptation of Paul Wegener's *Golem*, the legendary clay man of medieval Prague. It was this original make-up that had so offended Lugosi. Working with Whale, a more original

talent, Pierce took the creation of Frankenstein's Monster more seriously.

'I did some research in anatomy, surgery, criminology, ancient and modern burial customs, and electro-dynamics. I discovered there are six ways a surgeon can cut a skull, and I figured Dr Frankenstein, who was not a practising surgeon, would take the easiest. That is, he would cut the top of the skull off, straight across like a pot lid, hinge it, pop the brain in, and clamp it tight. That's the reason I decided to make the Monster's head square and flat like a box, and dig that big scar across his forehead, and have metal clamps hold it together. The two metal studs that stick out the sides of his neck are inlets for electricity—plugs! The Monster is an electrical gadget and lightning is his life force.'

The Monster was nothing of the sort, and Karloff knew it. A well educated man, he would have read and understood Mary Shelley's classic novel, subtitled as it was



The monster frightens Frankenstein's bride



A fantastic shot of Frankenstein's laboratory as the Monster is about to come to 'life'.

The Modern Prometheus despite Universal, who subtitled their production *The Man Who Made a Monster*. He was an actor, too, or rather An Actor: a Man of the Theatre, with a style and tradition not yet totally killed by the Motion Picture. Karloff carried within him that dying technique, the extension of Drama known as Melodrama. Overdone as many of his 'straight' performances would come to seem, when set against the naturalistic playing of his modern talkie contemporaries, he nevertheless vested his characterizations with thought, depth, and humanity. Even his Monsters. And because of this his final performance of the

Frankenstein Monster still stands head and electrodes above any of the many that have followed in his asphalt-spreaders boots. Said Karloff:

'The Monster was inarticulate, and I had to make him understood. When the audience first sees him he is only five hours old. My first problem was not to let his eyes be too intelligent, which is why I decided to use the false eye-lids that half veil the eyes.'

Jack Pierce took the idea, cut half moons out of rubber and stuck them to Karloff's eyelids with spirit gum: Karloff's one personal touch to his make-up. The rest was Pierce, working to Whale's sketches. Again

and again new make-ups were tried and abandoned. One, with clipped gouges in the forehead, seemed final and was photographed by the Universal stills department for use in publicity, posters and promotion. When the film was finally shown, the clips had disappeared: the make-up had been changed yet again!

Patiently Karloff bore it all, the pain and the tiredness, the soreness and the heat. He was too much the veteran to even dare hope that the film would come off, let alone that it would feature him. But the work and the pain paid off, and bit by bit the film was made. And in the end, Karloff was made, too.

Years before, Hollywood's original Monster star, Lon Chaney, had talked with Karloff, encouraging the bit-part player when he was low: 'Find something no one else can or will do, and they'll begin to take notice of you. The secret of success in Hollywood lies in being different from anyone else.' With Chaney dead and Lugosi scorning the genre, Karloff stood alone, and became a star.

'This was a pathetic creature who, like us all, had neither wish nor say in its creation, and certainly did not wish upon itself the hideous image which automatically terrified humans whom it tried to befriend. The most heart-rending aspect of the creature's life was his ultimate desertion by his creator. It was as though man, in his blundering, searching attempts to improve himself, was to find himself deserted by his God.'

Karloff, created by Universal, Laemmle, Whale and Pierce, was deserted by his 'collective God': they did not even invite him to the preview!

Film Weekly could hardly be expected to approve. *Frankenstein* was previewed at Santa Barbara in November and a special dispatch from Donovan Pedely was flashed to the front page of the National Guide to Films. 'Stop Crude Sensationalism!' screamed a banner line, and the subhead was 'Nightmare Film.' 'Not the kind of entertainment about which I am likely to write enthusiastic paragraphs when I see it', wrote Editor Herbert Thompson.

Boris Karloff's make-up as the 'synthetic man' pieced together from corpses is the most brilliantly horrible ever achieved on the screen. It is almost impossible to look at his apparently scared, stitched, and skewered skin (the skewer is to hold his head on his spine) without believing that his body has really been sewn, spliced, and glued together... It has no theme and points no moral, but is simply a shocker beside which the Grand Guignol was a kindergarten.

Frankenstein opened at the Tivoli, London, on Monday the 25th January, 1932. London survived, but the cinema—and indeed Boris Karloff—were never the same again.

Next Issue: THE MASK OF MYSTERY

The Devil's Men



Above: Baron Corofax (Peter Cushing), in ceremonial robes, prepares to make a sacrifice to the ancient evil god, The Minotaur.



Laurie (Luan Peters) looks pleadingly at Baron Corofax (Peter Cushing), hoping she can find some good in his soul and be set free from her torment.

A NEW FILM STARRING DONALD PLEASANCE &

Father Roche Donald Pleasance
Laurie Luan Peters
Ian Nikos Verlekis
Milo Costas Skouras

A small village in a Balkan country is the setting for a series of horrifying ritual murders, linked with the disappearances of many young tourists.

Father Roche (DONALD PLEASANCE), fears that these disappearances are connected with the worship of an ancient God, the Minotaur. The local police sergeant when asked about the missing tourists treats the matter with amused contempt.

Three young Americans, Tom, Ian and Beth, arrive to find out more information about the Minotaur after discovering an artifact some years before. Father Roche explains that others on a similar quest have disappeared. He begs them not to go anywhere near the Castle of Baron Corofax and the surrounding area which he calls "the devil's territory". Despite his warnings they decide to camp near the Castle and they of course disappear.

Tom's fiancée, Laurie (LUAN PETERS) arrives at the airport, she is disappointed not to be met by him. Learning of the disappearances of Tom and the others, Father Roche unable to find out any information decides to ring Milo, a New York private detective and former pupil. When Milo arrives

Right: Baron Corofax (Peter Cushing) stands ready to hold back his adversaries (Father Roche and Milo).



PETER CUSHING

Baron Corofax Peter Cushing
Beth Vanna Revilli
Tom Bob Behling
Police Sergeant Fernando Bisiani

he discounts Father Roche's insistence that demonology and witchcraft are running rampant in the village, but nevertheless he decides to help and find out for himself.

Later Father Roche, Laurie and Milo search around the Castle, a heavy chandelier crashes down on them and nearly kills them. Father Roche believes it to be the work of the villagers. Milo on checking the links finds that they have been tampered with.

That night at the Castle, Beth and Ian are tied to an altar. Baron Corofax, in ceremonial robes draws a knife and sacrifices them to the Minotaur as an offering.

Meanwhile finding the village empty Father Roche and Milo return to the Castle and find the slaughtered bodies. The following day life in the village appears normal but Laurie has vanished. The villagers profess to know nothing.

Father Roche persuades Milo to wait until dark as ordinary methods cannot kill "the devil's men". They are possessed by the Minotaur and only exorcism can destroy them.

In a dramatic climax, the demons are finally exorcised and explode into dust.

Above: Father Roche (Donald Pleasence) meets his end at the hand of Baron Corofax (Peter Cushing).



Corofax calls upon the powers of darkness, whilst the rest of the coven follow his words with a low chant. In the background, two victims wait amid the stench of sulphur to be sacrificed to the Minotaur.

Fan Scene on...Collecting

Magazines & Movie-editions by Tise Vahimagi

In a publication dealing with films of fantasy it may seem strange to come across a column discussing collecting, but there is more than just a passing connection here.

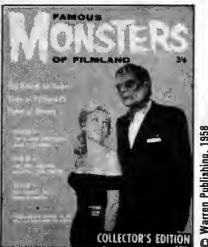
Whereas a favourite film, regardless of how many times it is viewed, lasts as long as its given running-time, items relating to that film remain to be enjoyed forever.

The intention behind this column is to open up the world of fantasy memorabilia collecting to the beginner, or would-be collector, and to possibly tread on ground not too well-trodden by the serious collector. The aim is also to inform the fantasy fan that one can be a collector, and to introduce the various items involved in collecting.

In this issue I'm taking a look at what is usually the most readily available in fandom collecting: the professional magazines and movie-editions.

The average fan of fantastic cinema often discovers a 'horror' magazine once it is under way. By this, I mean the fan finds number 3, likes it, and starts hunting around for numbers 1 and 2. By the time he gets the first two editions the mag may be up to number 5, so he hastily grabs those. Before he knows it, he has an up-to-date run on that particular title and will, very likely, continue to purchase copies as they appear. If the general content of the mag is good, then he will even buy the odd issue that is below average, just to keep his set intact.

Like it or not, he has become a collector.



In the early 1930s, followers of fantasy films were amassing great piles of periodical material relating to films of fantasy. The collectors were assaulted with such mags as *Famous Monsters of Filmland* (one of the earliest of this batch), *Spacemen*, *Monster World*, *Castle of Frankenstein*, *Midi-Minuit Fantastique*, etc. The latter title was probably the most serious and intellectual of the bunch (it was a French publication, and the French take their films far more seriously than we do).

Famous Monsters is probably the most well-known, in this field. The early issues are the hardest to find, and usually the most expensive when found. At American fantasy conventions, *Famous Monsters* number 1 sells for over 100 dollars (approx. £60).

From the same publishers came *Spacemen* (similar format to FM, but devoted to sci-fi movies). This, unfortunately, lasted only 8 issues, and practically all those editions are now collectors items (which means you won't see them available for less than 5 times the original cover price).



Monster World made it to 10 issues, so all these are now rare items. Early issues of *Castle of Frankenstein* are very hard to come by but not impossible.

All this may sound, to the average dabbler in collecting, like an exercise in frustration. But as all collectors know, half the fun is in the hunting, hoping that your next visit to a bookstore or a fantasy film convention will unearth the treasured item. And the pleasure of finding it after a long fruitless search, is beyond words!

Today, the 'monster' mags that fill out the newsgents' racks are much easier to collect. Specialised fantasy bookstores in most major cities cater for the needs of the collector by keeping on hand, usually, all issues of current mags. The fan, or would-be collector, can just stroll in and pick up entire runs of anything from *TV Sci-Fi to Monster Mag*. The latter title, however, has just one flaw—



number 2 is nigh impossible to get. But, regardless of the reason for its scarcity, the collector will continue hunting around for it until he is prepared to pay practically anything to complete his set.

An easy way to find out if certain issues of a magazine become 'rare items' is to check out the back-issues ad. These will list if any numbers are 'sold out'. Early issues of any mag increase in price (the increase made by fandom value), but the 'sold out' ones will cost the collector even more. So it is advisable for the collector to keep a close watch for any new titles appearing at his local newsgent/bookstore as first issues often have small, testing print runs and so go very quickly. Another good way of keeping up to date, especially with American publications, is to check the ads column at the back of magazines. The *Monster Times* is a good example, as this has pages of ads dealing with new publications.

The basic thought to keep in mind is grab it, and grab it quick!

An item closely associated with magazines is the movie-edition. A movie-edition is a paperback or hardback book that is brought out to tie in with the release of a new film. Sometimes known as a movie tie-in, the movie-edition has been around since the advent of Cinema.



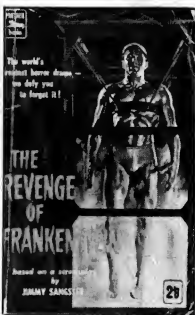
There were hardback movie-editions on such classics as *The Lost World* (1925), *London After Midnight* (1927), etc. The Thirties had, amongst others, the beautiful *King Kong* movie-edition (with a full-colour dustjacket). The Forties brought forth superb editions on *Dr. Cyclops*, *Hangover Square*, *Picture of Dorian Gray*, and many more.

With the Fifties came the paperbacks, and practically twice as many movie-editions; there were *War of the Worlds*, *Forbidden Planet*, *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, *Revenge of Frankenstein*, and lots of others.

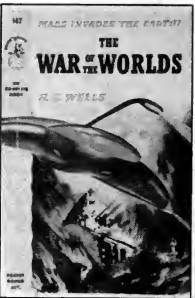
All the above titles mentioned are super-rare, but that doesn't mean you'll never find them. I managed to pick up a very good condition copy of *Revenge of Frankenstein*

for only 15p at a convention.

Movie-editions seem to be split into two origins; there is the literary classic, such as *Gaston Leroux' Phantom of the Opera* (brought out by Arrow Books at one time to tie in with Hammer's 1962 movie), and there is the novelisation of a film script, such as *Brides of Dracula* (published by Monarch Books in America when the film was originally released).



American publishers bring out more movie-editions than any other country. So, the American fans and collectors can pick up (or look around) anything from *Night of the Living Dead* to *TV's The Night Stalker*. You may now be thinking, tv-editions? Well, these are beginning to appear more and more, so if you're interested in obtaining editions on the *Dr. Who*, *Bionic Woman*, *Six Million Dollar Man*, *Star Trek* series, check out your local bookstore.



As with all items of fantasy collecting, the treasured item is in the eye of the particular collector. A Chris Lee fan is more likely to appreciate a copy of *Sphere's Scars of Dracula* than the American paperback of *Konga*, as much as a science fiction fan will pay more for the Corgi edition of *Forbidden Planet* than a collector who is into 1950's horror films.

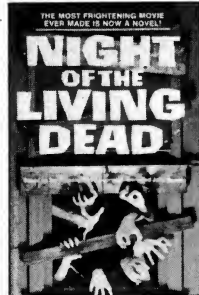
Finally, the fantasy fan can buy the large-format, slick paper, hardback books usually dealing with such objects as *The Films of Boris Karloff*, *History of the Science Fiction Film*, *Classics of the Horror Film*, etc. There are also

Fan Scene on...Collecting

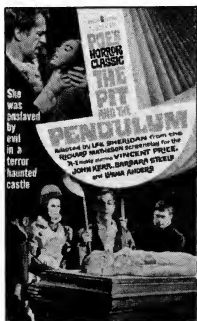
the smaller, usually paperback, editions covering the same subjects, but with less illustrations; Lorimer's *The Seal of Dracula*, Zwimmer's *Science Fiction in the Cinema*, Pyramid's *Karloff and Co* are a few.

These books are published irregularly, and often tend to repeat each other in information and photographs. They are nice items to have as an introductory note to films of fantasy, but their price these days is getting higher and higher.

The only problem in collecting these is that once they become depleted and stocks run out they are



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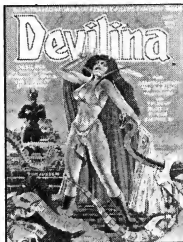
near-impossible to locate. A good idea would be to get your name on the mailing list of a specialised film bookstore, such as London's Cinema Bookshop, to ensure being notified of new publications in this genre.

I have deliberately left out mention of 'Fanzines' as these will be discussed, entirely, in a future issue. Other subjects coming up will include posters, stills, press-books, 8mm films, and just about everything on the collectors' list these days. Good hunting!

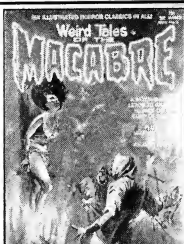
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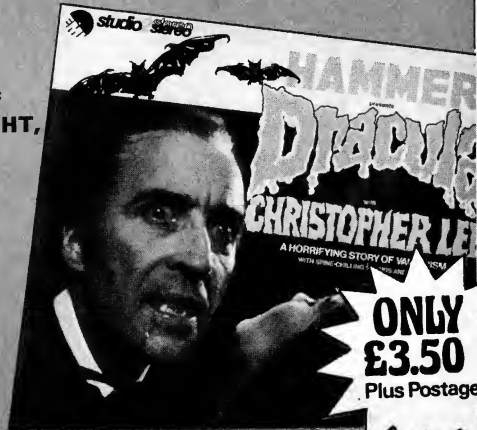
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TWINS OF EVIL

PART THREE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



A POTION FROM THE APOTHECARY SOOTHES MARIA'S MIND OUT OF ITS SHOCKED STATE—A CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE NEWS THAT HER TWIN SISTER IS A VAMPIRE...



BUT NO POTION CAN PROTECT HER FROM COUNT RAINSTEIN...



ONLY THE SACRED CROSS CAN DO THAT...

OH... FRIEDA... FRIEDA...



YOU SAY MARIA CLUTCHES THE CROSS TO HER IN HER SLEEP? THE LORD BE PRAISED! SHE, AT LEAST, CANNOT BE A VAMPIRE!

AYE, GUSTAV BUT WHAT OF THE OTHER...?

...WHAT OF FRIEDA? CAN NOTHING BE DONE FOR HER?

NAY, KATY. THE... BROTHER... THEY... WILL DECIDE.



THERE IS NO THOUGHT IN THE MINDS OF THE GOOD MEN OF THE BROTHERHOOD ABOUT HOW FRIEDA BECAME A VAMPIRE... WHO MADE HER ONE - IT IS LEFT FOR A WOMAN TO DISCOVER THIS...



THE VILLAGERS WILL THINK SHE IS YOU... WILL BURN HER - AND YOU, MY DEAR, CAN BECOME HER.



UP KARNSTEIN IN HIS PLANNING, HAS TAKEN NO
ACCOUNT OF A FRIENDED ANTON HOFFNER
WORRIED OUT OF HIS WITS ABOUT MARIA...







THEY WILL BURN US,
MY DEAR FRIEDA—BUT
WHAT DOES IT *MATTER?*
THE FLAMES WILL MELT
OUR BODIES...BUT
WITHOUT PAIN! WE
CAN FIND NEW BODIES...
AND NEW VICTIMS.



AT THAT MOMENT...

MASTER...MASTER!
THEY COME! BUT
WITH SHARVED
STAKES...AND
AXES!

WHAT? GOD'S DEATH—
THIS IS HOFFNER'S DOING.
CURSE HIM! WE MUST
ESCAPE THROUGH ONE
OF THE TUNNELS.

AND ESCAPE THEY DO—
ALL EXCEPT FOR...

JOACHIM!

IT'S KARNSTEIN'S
SERVANT! LOOK OUT!



STAKE HIM!
STAKE HIS
BLACK HEART!



YAAAAARRGH!



THEY'VE GOT
JOACHIM, THE DOGS!
BUT WE'RE SAFE
AT LEAST, UP THE
STEPS, MY DEAR...
TO FREEDOM!



ARE YOU
COMING TOO,
MY LORD?

YES...YES!
OF COURSE!
HURRY,
GIRL...





ANTON, SEARCHING FOR MARIA, HEARS THE SUDDEN SHRIEK OF TERROR...



FRANTIC, THE YOUNG CHOIRMASTER RACES BACK TO THE CASTLE — TO FIND THAT KARNSTEIN HAS REACHED THERE FIRST...







to the HOUSE OF HAMMER

Post Mortem

HOUSE OF HAMMER, Warner House,
135-141 Wardour St., London W1V 4QA

Today I received issue 4 of *House of Hammer* in the post and enjoyed it thoroughly. I see from 'Hammer Happenings' on page 4 that you will soon be featuring an adaptation of *Dracula*, Prince of Darkness. As this is the second in the *Dracula* Hammer films and the second in your *Dracula* comic strips, can we expect a series? If so, would it be too much to ask Paul Neary to draw it again so we can have a uniform series?

Last week, while I was in London, I visited 'The London Dungeon', somewhere I'm sure you already know about. But why not mention them in *House of Hammer*? It is a must for any horror fan and makes the Chamber of Horrors in Madame Tussaud's look very weak.

James Breneton
Alvaston, Derby.

Thanks for your letter, James. By now you'll have seen John Bolton's version of *Dracula* (last issue) as well as Paul's interpretation back in issue 1. Unlike many comics and magazines, we prefer to ring the changes and not use the same artists issue after issue after issue. That way the magazine stays fresh, alive and different every time. So, because we like to surprise you with new things, while you'll still see your favourite artists reappearing on different strips, we're keeping quiet about who will draw our next *Dracula* adaptation... *Dracula* Has Risen From The Grave. We all agree with you that 'The London Dungeon' is a must for all horror fans. Any readers thinking of spending a day in London, take note of the address... 34 Tooley Street, London SE1 (almost opposite) London Bridge underground station). Admission is 75p (40p for children) and it's open from 10am till 6pm, every day of the week. And don't forget to tell them we sent you!

Your magazine shows why we are afraid of the dark. People are always afraid to be afraid to be afraid... at least in front of other people. But the insight provided by *HoH*, and your demonstration of Hammer's accoutrements of the genre, can be analogized with a good-natured whistle in a graveyard. Cinema fright is exciting, and to incite this experience when you are a 'sophisticated' adult (presumably with an immunity to ghosts and graveyards) is a

fun, but retrogressive catharsis—these concessions were especially conspicuous by the uninhibited crowds who attended *The Exorcist* and *Jaws*.

About *HoH* number 5—the illustrated interpretation of *Moon Zero Two* proved intriguing, improving the original film with the addition of tasteful eroticism. I enjoyed the article on special effects, and agree with the author's attitude on *The Quatermass Experiment* (aka *The Creeping Unknown*). Its exposure on recent TV broadcasts reveals its potency, and how it effectively compresses the polemics of the genre into a rare application of subtlety. I would prefer the quiet metaphor of *Quatermass* exciting Westminster Abbey through a procession of streetlamps to a 4 channel blast of Strauss announcing the Star Child as it arbitrarily passes in 70mm. I disagree, however, with John Brosnan's concept of *The Haunting*. Though I concede that the film is a masterpiece, and an engaging assertion of the Val Lewton technique, imagery (not sound or sound effects) is the essence of the movies. Sound contributes to film, but imagery is the facility of the medium and contributes the artistic precedent.

Finally, the piece on Mexican horror films was interesting, with a bizarre fusion of wrestlers and the occult (e.g. *The Wrestling Women VS. The Aztec Mummy, Samson VS. The Vampire Women*, et al.). I recall a brief bit of memorable dialogue from *Samson in the Wax Museum*:

Excited spectator: Samson! The mad scientist is about to immerse your girl in a vat of wax!

Samson (engaged in an armlock): I'll save her—as soon as I finish wrestling.

I'm sure that if the Mexicans required an exorcist, they would certainly summon Mick MacManus or Muhammad Ali.

Again, many congratulations... the best to you... may we whistle (nervously) through many more graveyards.

Bill George
(editor: The Late Show)
Maryland, U.S.A.

HoH is truly an excellent magazine, better than any of the American rubbish.

You really have some fantastic artists and writers working for you, my favourite adaptation so far being *Dracula* in number one.

So keep up the good work and please give us more information on the promised Hammer Fan Club.

Kevin Hazel
Wednesbury.

Thanks for the kind words, Kevin, but don't be too harsh on our American friends. We like to think that our approach to telling a film, using comic strips instead of pages and pages of descriptive words, is better, but we're all on the same side... all fans of fantastic films. Besides, the leading

American fantasy film mag is now way past issue 100! Any magazine that can do that gets my respect... Dez.

I recently went to see the best double feature ever at my local cinema. The two films were Hammer's *Vampire Circus*, starring Robert Tayman, and *Legend of the Werewolf* starring Peter Cushing. I would like, if possible, to hear a bit more about these films in a future *HoH*.

I think your comic strip adaptations are terrific, and I hope to see your version of *Vampire Circus* soon.

I also think your features and photos are very good, especially 'Decline and Fall of the Frankenstein Monster' in issue 3. Keep up the good work.

Norman Jamieson
Glasgow.

While we're planning to adapt *Vampire Circus* to comic strip soon, you'll find more info on this film, plus four pages of full colour pics in *Monster Mag* vol 2, no 2, while *Legend of the Werewolf* was in the vol 2 no 3 issue. Check out our back numbers ad elsewhere this issue for more details, Norman.

I was delighted to find your magazine in a recent catalogue and I ordered it at once. I now have every issue published and, except for the cover art on number one, it has been excellent.

Your news and editorial are lively and interesting while your articles are generally very good too. I particularly liked John Brosnan's 'Creatures from the Deep' in issue four.

Could you please run some articles on the *Quatermass* films and *X the Unknown*?

Finally, could you up clear the mystery of the existence of *Quatermass 4*. Does such a film exist, and if so why hasn't it been released?


S. C. Underwood
Sale, Cheshire

Article on *Quatermass* and *X the Unknown* coming up! We've a long look at *Hammer sci-fi* appearing in issue 8. We'd hoped to fit it in issue 5 and 6 as a two-parter, but decided to run it whole as soon as we could make room. *Quatermass 4* is a follow-up to the three earlier films starring Nigel Kneale's avenging scientist, Professor *Quatermass*. For the full story on this, you'll have to wait for our upcoming interview with Mr Kneale.

I thought 'Creatures from the Deep' by John Brosnan, and 'Monsters from the East' in issue 4 very good indeed. Have you any plans to publish, in a future edition, an adaptation of *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*?

David Emms
Pinner, Middlesex.

Satanic Rites will be forthcoming, David. But it will have to wait its turn, after *Dracula* has risen from the Grave, *Taste the Blood of Dracula* and *Scars of Dracula*. Stick with us, we'll get there someday!



Vamp, *n.*, & *v.t.* & *i.* (*colloq.*). 1. *Adventuress, woman who exploits men; unscrupulous flirt.* 2. *vb.* *Allure, exploit; act as —.* (*abbr. of foll.*)

Vam'pire, *n.* *Ghost or reanimated body (usu. of wizard, heretic, criminal, etc.) that leaves grave at night & sucks blood of sleeping persons; person who preys on others; = prec. n.; (in full—bat) kinds of bat, some which suck blood of horses, cattle, & sleeping persons; (theatr.) small spring trap of two flaps used for sudden (dis)appearances of one person. Hence Vampi'ric a. (F. f. Magyar vampir perh; of Turk. orig.)*

—*The Concise Oxford Dictionary*

The female Vampire has always been an evasive figure in the fantasy genre until the advent of the Hammer colour remakes in the early 1960's.

Although there have been various femme Vampires assisting the nefarious deeds of their "undead" masters since the 1920s—and in some cases being the central character—the first serious attempt at depicting female-dominant Vampirism was in the filming of Sheridan LeFanu's classic story, *Carmilla*, by Roger Vadim in 1961.

Despite various misconceptions, there is a difference between the *Vamps* of the Silents and the *Vampires* of the Talkies, as defined in the short extract on the previous page, although a parallel can be drawn from both.

Shadows of Midnight

In 1927 MGM produced a film under the title *The Hypnotist* which was changed to *London After Midnight* for release. It was made by Tod Browning, a director closely associated with Lon Chaney's grimmer material. *London After Midnight* had Chaney prowling around a moor, complete with staring eyes, top hat, dark cloak, and a mouthful of sharp teeth, accompanied by Edna Tichenor, a shadowy, shrouded figure who added pictorial atmosphere to the goings-on and was presumed to be a Vampire due to her wraithlike appearance.

Similar use of make-up—dark eyes, tightly-combed hair, and shrouds—gave the *brides of Dracula* a suitable "undead" effect in Universal's *Dracula* (1931). The three Vampire women in Lugosi's Transylvanian castle create a chilling scene as they close in on Dwight Frye, appearing to glide dream-like over the floor in their long shrouds. Frye faints before them and the scene fades as the three expressionless women stand over his vulnerable form. This scene with *Dracula's wives* contains its value in the power of suggestion, which suits this very theatrical production, rather than if it had the visual dramatics utilizing fangs and rapid movement. Here, malevolence is merely implied without the erotic undercurrents that Hammer would later inject into their version.

Vampyr or *The Strange Adventure* of David Gray was the first packaging of LeFanu's *Carmilla* tale, produced and directed by Carl Theodor Dreyer in 1932. The story concerns a young man's arrival at a village where he becomes involved with a witches' sabbath and Vampires, one Vampire in particular—an

old woman. The man undergoes various uneasy experiences, even dreaming his own funeral from a subjective viewpoint. The old Vampire woman is a ghostly character who performs her evil with the aid of slaves, and who holds the village virtually under her spell. In this film there are no shocks, just a feeling of general uneasiness and sense of evil. Finally, she is despatched by the method of having an iron pole driven through her heart whilst she lies in her grave.

Tod Browning remade his *London After Midnight* in 1935 under the title *Mark of the Vampire*. With Chaney no longer available the part of the Vampire character was given to Bela Lugosi, who appeared dressed identically to his famous 'Count

Dracula' role. He is assisted this time by 'Luna', a wispy, pale-faced Carol Borland clad in white shroud and Godiva-like long hair. Contrary to the basic plot of the film we are shown 'Luna' flying with the aid of large bat wings, and menacing the heroine Elizabeth Allan. Despite the contradictions, Borland adds effect to the landscape of crumbling castles and spooky graveyards.

Dracula's Daughter

Universal came up with the sequel to their first success, *Dracula*, in 1936 with *Dracula's Daughter*. It lacked star names like Karloff and Lugosi, and for many years remained on the sidelines of the Universal horror cycle. Director Lambert Hillyer made the film into a slick little

excursion at atmosphere and mood. Gloria Holden played the title role with just the right amount of decayed aristocracy and Vampiric desires. The film picks up where the previous one left off and again has Edward Van Sloan's Vampire-fighter seeking out to destroy Vampire Holden and her loyal slave Irving Pichel. Along the way, hero and heroine, Otto Kruger and Nan Grey, have their lives disrupted by *Dracula's* offspring which makes Van Sloan once again remark 'We must find it and destroy it!' Gloria Holden manages the part well, but the film generally tends to repeat the lines and situations of the earlier film.

With Hammer's 1958 remake of *Dracula* the women Vampires were given a new dimension—sex. Valerie Gaunt, as one of *Dracula's* Vampiric disciples, sets about John van Eyssen's 'Jonathan Harker' most lustily prior to the Count's dramatic entrance. Seduction of the innocent and holy was the theme displayed alongside visual horror. Later in the film after *Dracula* has 'visited' Carol Marsh and added her to his realm of the undead, we see her using her Vampiric charms on a little girl and even approaching her own brother to 'just kiss him' and draw his life's blood.

Carmilla

Brides of Dracula (1960) has a legion of Vampire women, including the Vampire Baron's own mother. The sexuality was quite implicit in this where the girls were put under the spell of the handsome young 'Baron Meinster'. 1964's *Kiss of the Vampire* had a whole coven of Vampires, with the women getting equal blood-letting time. A member of the coven, Isobel Black, comes across as a very sensuous Vampire fille. Barbara Shelley was also a very enticing Vampire in *Dracula-Prince of Darkness* (1965) until she is finally staked by the local monk/Vampire fighter in a harrowing sequence.

Made in France, *Vadim's Blood and Roses* is handled intelligently and comes closest to LeFanu's *Carmilla*. Elsa Martinelli and Annette Vadim are the two central characters involved in the Vampiric happenings that contain a delicate sexual undertow.

At an old country villa near modern Rome, Leopoldo De Karstein (*Mel Ferrer*) is making the final preparations for a masked ball that will celebrate his impending marriage to Georgia Monteverdi (*Elsa Martinelli*).



Lugosi and Carol Borland in *Mark of the Vampire*. Inset—*Blood and Roses*.



Plans for a climatic fireworks display bring the revelation that part of the grounds of the villa were once used as a cemetery, and that the servants are afraid to go near the area because of the legend of vampirism associated with the De Karnstein family.

Shapes of Evil

Leopoldo's Austrian cousin, Carmilla Von Karnstein (*Annette Vadim*), tells the guests at the villa that almost two hundred years ago local peasants invaded the family burial plot and drove stakes through the hearts of all the bodies to destroy supposed vampires. But the mob couldn't find the secret grave of Millarca, one of the alleged vampires, whose portrait bears a striking resemblance to Carmilla. During the conversation, Carmilla inadvertently reveals that she is jealous of Georgia and in love with Leopoldo.

At the time of the masked ball, Leopoldo finds Carmilla slightly drunk in her room and insists she join the party. She appears wearing Millarca's dress, a long, white gown that she has taken from the family museum.

Carmilla wanders into the fireworks area just as the pyro-



Clifford Evans faces the snarl of vampiric Isobel Black.

technic display goes off. The explosion of mines stored by the Germans during World War II uncovers the long lost grave of Millarca, whose spirit escapes to possess Carmilla's body.

In the days that follow, Carmilla figures in several strange incidents. Animals shy away from her; while she refers to events that happened 200 years ago as if they were current. One night she stalks a pretty housemaid (*Gabriella Farinon*), who is found dead next morning under mysterious circumstances. The maid's body is found with blue marks on the neck, the so-called mark of the vampire. But the police inspector points out it could be merely a bruise caused by a fall from a great height.

Blood Lust

Georgia finally loses her temper over Carmilla's strange actions when they are alone together in a greenhouse. Carmilla seems fascinated by the sight of blood when Georgia pricks her finger on a rose thorn. That night, Carmilla enters Georgia's room while the latter is having a nightmare. She wakes up screaming with Carmilla hovering over her. Leopoldo, awakened by the

screams, finds Georgia in a coma, with ugly marks on her throat.

Carmilla flees to the area where police are preparing to detonate the German mines still remaining in the area. The force of an explosion hurls her on a fence post which pierces her heart.

Leopoldo and Georgia leave on their honeymoon, but it is Millarca's spirit that travels with them.

Or, as the publicity asked at the time: 'Was she a fury of womanly jealousy, . . . or the reincarnation of a devil-woman from another century?'

Vampire Lovers

Outside of the films mentioned so far, and before discussing Hammer's early 1970's Vampire maidens, there have been a variety of Vampire girls throughout the 60's, including Jennifer Jayne in *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, Barbara Steele in *Black Sunday*, Gianna-Maria Canale in *I Vampiri*, to the 70's with Ingrid Pitt in *The House That Dripped Blood*, Anoushka Hempel in *Scars of Dracula*, Anna Massey in *Vault of Horror*.

In 1970 Hammer embarked on what would eventually be known as their 'Karnstein' trilogy, starting off with *The Vampire Lovers*. Roy Ward Baker, one of Hammer's above-average directors, took the helm and, working from Tudor Gates' script (Gates was to pen the following two 'Karnstein' films), turned out a highly successful film that fully explored the Vampire sensuality that Terence Fisher had only been allowed to imply some twelve years before. *Vampire Lovers* was another adaptation from Sheridan LeFanu's *Carmilla*. LeFanu's story first appeared in 1871 in a magazine called *The Dark Blue*, and was reprinted in 1872 in the collected volume *In a Glass Darkly*.

In the province of Styria, Karnstein Castle is the centre of an evil that envelopes the countryside. Even after their mortal deaths, the Karnstein's, the undead, rise from their tombs to walk the night, to suck the blood from their victims.

One of the victims is the sister of Baron Hartog (*Douglas Wilmer*), who, in revenge, seeks out the graves of the Karnstein vampires, and then works throughout an eerie night to recover the bodies and drive stakes through their hearts.

Only one grave escapes the fanatical Baron's work. The grave of a young girl, Mircalla Karnstein (*Ingrid Pitt*).

Years of peace follow that grisly night, but then Mircalla



Valerie Gaunt in *Dracula* (1958).

reappears. She is introduced to local society by a beautiful Countess (*Dawn Addams*) as her daughter, Marcilla.

Marcilla is extremely beautiful, with a magnetism and a compelling sensuality about her. She is an instant success with her host, the General (*Peter Cushing*), and his daughter, Laura (*Pippa Steele*), and when the Countess is called away by a message delivered by a Man in Black, the General and Laura insist that Marcilla stay with them.

Gradually, Marcilla comes between Laura and her fiancé, Carl Ebhardt (*John Finch*), but as their friendship grows, a dreadful weariness takes over Laura's body. It is almost as if her energy is being drained away by a series of weird nightmares, in which she imagines she is being attacked by a giant cat.

Marcilla is the model of kind-

ness itself. She protects the ailing Laura, and, one night they embrace and promise their love. A few days later, Laura dies, drained of all her blood, and Marcilla vanishes.

The scene now moves to the Morton house nearby. The strange Man in Black is seen followed shortly afterwards by the Countess and, this time, her niece, Marcilla (*Ingrid Pitt*).

Marcilla, of course, is the reincarnation of Mircalla and Marcilla, and, following a coaching mishap, she is asked to stay with the Mortons.

Marcilla quickly strikes up a friendship with Roger Morton (*George Cole*), and his daughter Emma (*Madeleine Smith*), but, as with Laura, Emma soon starts to fall victim to a strange listlessness, as if her blood, too, were being drained slowly away. Erotic nightmares and visions fill her nights.

When Morton is called away on business, Marcilla and Emma enjoy a close friendship. This time, Marcilla is also seducing Madame Perrodot (*Kate O'Mara*), the Governess.

Emma's condition deteriorates rapidly. Renton (*Harvey Hall*), the butler, tries to get Madame Perrodot to call a doctor, but the Governess, under the influence of Marcilla's spell, repeatedly puts off the idea.

Renton writes to Morton, who

promptly despatches a message to a doctor asking him to call at the house, and arranges to return. The doctor (*Ferdie Mayne*) does call and, realising the trouble, orders a cross and a sprig of garlic, antidotes to vampirism, to be hung in Emma's bedroom. On his way home the doctor is attacked by a Vampire and dies.

Marcilla, still thinking that Renton is the main obstacle to her schemes against Emma, turns her charms on him, seducing him and then sinking her fangs into his neck. Renton is not dead but, like the Governess, has fallen completely under Marcilla's power.

Morton, meantime, returns home to hear about the tragedies. He seeks the help of Baron Hartog, whose reputation as a vampire-killer is now well known.

Vanishing Vampire

The Baron arrives to help, accompanied by the General and Laura's fiancé, Carl. They track down the young Mircalla Karnstein's grave and, knowing that the vampire must eventually return, wait. But Carl, fearful for Emma's safety, rushes back to the house.

He arrives just in time to prevent Marcilla from taking Emma away. He tries to fight Marcilla, but the vampire girl vanishes into thin air.

At the graveside, the Baron

Destruction by decapitation is Peter Cushing's answer to the powers of evil, in Twins of Evil. Inset—Barbara Steele from Black Sunday.



orders the coffin to be disinterred and carried to the household chapel where a stake is crashed into the heart of Carmilla/Mircalla's body. To seal the end of the vampire, the General lifts the head and cuts it off.

Outside, the morning light gives a warmth and colour to the countryside, but the watching Man in Black glares with hatred. He wheels his horse silently away from the rising sun and disappears. For Styria, life can return to the normality that people in other parts take for granted.

Altar of Warm Blood

The sexual aspect in *The Vampire Lovers* was quite explicit; Carmilla using her relationship with the girls in order to save her own life-preserving needs. She creates her own sort of family by appearing to be a protective figure, thus making each girl come to her for security, and their own fate.

Lust for a Vampire followed on in 1971, under the directorial hand of Jimmy Sangster. This one has the background setting as a girls' finishing school, where Mircalla initiates the same results as in *Vampire Lovers*. Again, the pre-credit sequence contains a dramatic and bloody premise to set the audience in mood for the events to follow.

A coach draws up outside the ruins of Karnstein Castle. The coachman carries the body of a

dead peasant girl into the Great Hall. Inside the castle, the dread figure of Count Karnstein (*Mike Raven*) stands motionless and commanding. He stands before a black draped Altar upon which black candles and incense are burning. All the trappings of a Black Mass are there, including an inverted crucifix.

throws aside the cloak—but not the hood—to reveal the body of a beautiful woman in a low-cut, stylish dress.

A coffin is dragged towards the lifeless body of the peasant girl and the lid is removed. Inside is a mouldering skeleton, a few rags. The hooded woman, clutching a long, sharp knife, plunges the

weapon into the body of the peasant girl. Blood spurts, still frothy, into a golden chalice which the Count pours into the open coffin as he chants an incantation.

The woman throws a white shroud over the lidless coffin. The shroud takes the shape of the skeleton beneath it and bloodstains seep through. The woman leans forward with excitement as the shape beneath the shroud becomes fleshed, human. Count Karnstein raises his arms in triumph as his devilish creation comes to life. The shrouded figure stands upright in the coffin, shrouded hands move up to claw down the offending garment. Standing in the coffin, naked and reincarnated, is a beautiful young girl...

Richard Lestrangle (*Michael Johnson*) is a young and handsome Englishman, a writer seeking new material and backgrounds for the supernatural stories which he writes so successfully. He is staying at the Village Inn in Styria, which lies almost in the shadow of Karnstein Castle.

The Devil's Own

Trudi (*Luan Peters*), the pretty young maid, obviously attracted to Richard, is flirtatiously serving his meal. The Landlord rebukes her and tells Richard that the villagers do not allow their womenfolk to talk to strangers. There is a legend that every forty



Adrienne Corri and Anthony Corlan travelled with *The Vampire Circus*.

The coachman lays the peasant girl's still body on the smooth, stone surface of a tomb, before the Altar. Suddenly, a figure emerges from the deep shadows of the tall columns, grey and cloaked from head to toe. The figure approaches the Altar and



REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE x

Starring:
Barbara Steele
and
John Richardson



years the Karnsteins rise from their graves. They are the undead, Vampires.

Richard is amused by the seriousness with which the villagers take their local legends and decides to visit Karnstein Castle. The ruins of the castle stand ominous and threatening, brooding over the evil that they have seen. However, to Richard's astonishment, he discovers that the grounds of the castle have been transformed into an exclusive Finishing School for Young Ladies.

There he meets the English principal of the school, Miss Simpson (*Helen Christie*), and her partner, Giles Barton (*Ralph Bates*). He watches the beautiful young girls at physical exercise under the supervision of their very attractive Gym Mistress, Janet Playfair (*Suzanna Leigh*).

Just then a coach drives up. To the delight of Miss Simpson it is the Countess Herritzen (*Barbara Jefford*), who has brought her niece as a pupil. The niece is Miracalla (*Yutte Stensgaard*). Richard is immediately struck by the strange beauty of Miracalla and tricks his way into becoming the new teacher of English Literature at the school.

There is something strange about Giles Barton. He is an avid student of the occult, fascinated with Black Magic, and has become obsessed with the Vampire legend. As the history master, he takes his class on a visit to the castle cemetery. There he tells them of the Vampire legends and their association with the Karnstein family. The girls all giggle with fright, except one—Miracalla.

Giles discovers the tombstone of Carmilla Karnstein and points out that Miracalla is an anagram of Carmilla. Miracalla knows he is beginning to stumble on her dreadful secret. Giles also notices



Shadow of the Werewolf (1970).

something else—the unmistakable signs that the grave has been recently opened and the coffin disturbed.

That night he returns to the cemetery. While he is examining the grave, Miracalla appears. He holds up a cross. Miracalla shrinks back. He knows now that his suspicions are correct. With a cry, he reverses the cross and sinks to his knees in worship. He asks to be taken as a servant of the devil.

Flames of Evil

Miracalla moves towards him. He rises gladly, expectantly. He embraces her. Slowly his ecstatic face turns pale, slowly his eyes close in death. Slowly he sinks to the ground, a corpse—the twin marks of the Vampire on his neck.

Miracalla continues to exert her fascination on various pupils at the school, several of whom die. The Countess, by now a friend and confidante of Miss Simpson, gets a doctor to sign fake death certificates for the benefit of the School. The doctor is Count Karnstein.

The villagers are becoming increasingly restive about the terrible rumours of deaths at the School, and the death of Trudi, the young maid at the Inn, further incenses them.

Richard has, by now, fallen desperately in love with Miracalla and she begins to fall in love with him. In a dramatic scene she is about to kiss him and, instead of giving him the bite of the Vampire, she gives him her affections. The Count reminds her of what she really is and persuades her to kill Richard when they are next alone.

Meanwhile, the father of one of the schoolgirl victims, a tough and wealthy American named Pelley (*David Healy*), arrives at the school, exhumes his daughter's body and the Vampire rumours are proved a reality.

A procession of angry villagers moves from the Inn towards the castle. They carry lighted torches and are led by the Bishop (*Jack Melford*), carrying a large cross. En route, they meet Richard. When he finds out that they intend to exorcise the evil within the castle, he is horrified. Is Miracalla some kind of Vampire? Can he allow her to be staked through the heart? He cannot. He still loves her.

Richard tries to argue with the village mob but his protests are ignored. He tries to run ahead, to warn Miracalla, but he is held captive. An enraged youth throws his torch against the rotting timber doors. A shout of encouragement goes up. The Bishop warns that fire will not destroy the

Vampires—only a stake through the heart will serve.

Richard breaks from the hold of the villagers and runs into the burning castle. Pelley bravely follows, to try to save him. Inside the castle, Count Karnstein and the Countess smile at the encroaching flames, which will serve only to take them back to the hell where they belong. There is no danger for them—except from Richard, blundering through the burning castle, shouting for Miracalla.

Miracalla approaches him, arms held out. She knows what she must do. Richard is aware of nothing except his love for Miracalla. He holds out his arms to her. The beams above creak dangerously as the fire eats through them. Richard embraces Miracalla. Her lips brush his neck. They open to bite as...

... the burnt-through beam crashes down, its flaming point burying itself into Miracalla's heart. Then, to Richard's horror, he sees her turn into the bloodied mess, the bare skeleton, from which she was created.

Life's Blood

Twins of Evil, the third in Hammer's 'Karnstein' trilogy, (covered in this issue's film adaption) has two central females, one being the obedient *good girl* and the other an *adventuress*. In the middle is a fanatical Puritan who is confronted with these symbols of Good and Evil. The combination adds up to an effective variation of the witch-hunting and Vampirism themes, which makes this one of the better Hammer Vampire films to be made in a long time.

1971's *Countess Dracula* tells the story of Elizabeth Bathory who was accused of murdering 600 young girls in Transylvania during the 16th century. Directed by Peter Sasdy from a screenplay by Jeremy Paul, this film, however, is not in the accepted Hammer *Dracula* series. *Countess Dracula* features Ingrid Pitt in the title role of the woman who discovers that blood can rejuvenate her aged frame. Although not bearing fangs or being a member of the *undead*, she is, nevertheless, categorically a Vampire.

Count Ferencz Nadasy's funeral is over and his aged, embittered widow, Countess Elisabeth (*Ingrid Pitt*), has gone to her bed-chamber and is preparing to take a bath. In a fit of temper, she strikes her chamber-maid a vicious blow and blood from a cut on the girl's face spurts onto the countess's cheek. As she sits at her dressing table wiping the blood from her face,

the old woman can hardly believe the transformation she sees taking place in the mirror. Her skin, where the blood has been, is no longer hard with lines and wrinkles, but soft and youthful again. Immediately she summons her castle steward, Captain Dobi (Nigel Green), and her faithful old nanny, Julia (Patience Collier), and orders them to bring the young chambermaid to her.

The next day, the chambermaid's mother and the rest of the castle staff are worried by the girl's mysterious disappearance. Only the countess, Dobi and

Scarlet Countess

Julia know the true, awful fate of the girl, who has been murdered by the countess for the rejuvenating qualities of her blood.

But they say nothing. Dobi, who has loved the countess during years of service, is appalled by the way his mistress has come by her new-found youth and beauty, but he is completely captivated by her. One thing that does concern Dobi is that the countess's daughter, Ilona (Lesley-Anne Down), who has been away since she was a small child when her parents sent her to Vienna to escape the danger of local wars, is on her way to the castle and will arrive to find her mother looking as young as herself.

But the situation is avoided by the carefully arranged kidnapping of Ilona by outlaws as she completes her journey.

The countess, as youthful and radiant as she was 25 years earlier, can now safely adopt her own daughter's identity, which she does so effectively that even old Fabio (Maurice Denham), scholar and friend of the late count, is convinced that she is Ilona and accepts her excuse that the countess cannot join them for dinner that night because she is fatigued. It is obvious over dinner that the countess is as enchanted by one of the guests, Imre Toth (Sandoz Eles), handsome young Hussars officer and son of the late count's closest friend, as he is by her. Soon they are lovers, enjoying the laughter and passion of young love.

But one night as they embrace in Ilona's room, the dream romance becomes a nightmare. While she is in Imre's arms, the countess looks over his shoulder and sees her reflection in a mirror. To her horror, she is no longer young and lovely. She has suddenly aged and the lines and wrinkles have returned, even deeper and harder than they were before. Only by wrenching herself away from her lover's arms and running from the room does she prevent him seeing the

Ingrid Pitt looking to create a literal blood bath, in *Countess Dracula*



hideous change that has come about her.

With Julia's help, another young maiden—a gypsy girl—is taken to the castle, where she meets the same fate as the young chambermaid and it is not long before her naked, blood-drained body is found in the woods.

But her blood has restored the countess's beauty and she can resume her affair with Imre, whom she happily agrees to marry. And, out of spite, she gives the task of arranging the wedding to Dobi, who angrily objects to the marriage because of his own desire for the countess and because he sees the madness of a love which demands the continuous slaughter of young girls.

In an effort to wreck the romance, Dobi gets Imre drunk at the local inn and then takes him back to the castle with the most popular of the village harlots, Ziza (Andrea Lawrence). He tries to get the countess to see her lover and the girl together. But when he goes to her room, he finds the countess grovelling on her bedroom floor, a pathetic and

grotesque old woman almost insane in her pleading with Dobi to help her by fetching another young girl.

The harlot Ziza becomes the next victim. But this time the blood in which the countess bathes does not have the same rejuvenating effects. The reason is not revealed until Fabio, reading from one of his ancient books, confirms that only the blood of virgins should be used for the restoration of youth.

But before Fabio can tell Imre the truth about the countess, he is found dead—hanging from the ceiling of his library.

The old man's death does, nevertheless, lead Imre to the discovery of the countess's horrific secret. Out of revenge and burning with jealousy, Dobi takes Imre to the countess's bedchamber while she is still bathing in the blood of her latest victim. Imre is stunned and horrified by what he sees and the countess, in a desperate bid to keep the man she loves, confesses the macabre crimes she has committed to keep him.

Finally, she is reduced to black-mailing him into staying with her and soon the wedding ceremony is fixed.

In the meantime, Captain Balogh (Peter Jeffery) and his men have discovered the blood-drained bodies of three girls in the castle cellar and Julia and Imre find out that the latest young girl brought in by Dobi for future sacrifice is, in fact, the countess's daughter, Ilona. Quickly, a plan is devised for the girl's escape during the marriage ceremony. Afterwards they will go away together.

But fate still has a brutal twist to turn. Before the priest can complete the wedding service, the countess's beauty crumbles and suddenly she is older and more hideous than ever before.

In a frenzy, she snatches a dagger from Dobi's belt and rushes towards Ilona, who has appeared on the stairs behind her. She will kill even her own daughter to satisfy her mad craving.

But Imre intervenes and the blade plunges deep into his chest.

It is all over now except for the time which Dobi, Julia and the countess—named The Devil Woman and Countess Dracula by the villagers—have to spend chained in the dungeons waiting for the hangman to come.

End of the Undead?

One film that cannot be overlooked, and a formidable *genre* piece, is Harry Kumel's *Daughter of Darkness* (1971). This film updates the Countess Bathory figure and sets her in a modern but desolate landscape—an off-season coastal resort. Delphine Seyrig plays the ageless Countess, who this time preys spider-like on the lives of a honeymoon couple during their stay in a large, empty hotel. Seyrig commands and dominates the film from beginning to end, by just *being* there. The picture relies entirely on sustaining mood, and not cheap shock or gimmicks. The sense of evil and decay that is created here, by some excellent use of colour and lighting, brings it close to *Vladimir's Blood and Roses*.

Retrospectively, the female Vampire has been elevated from being a *scenic* effect (1930's) to the central character (1970's) and has proved to be—in terms of cinema—more successful than her 'theatrical' ancestors.

With the announcement of Hammer's plans for *Vampirella*, and the usual trend of filmmakers to follow a fashion, it is just possible that the screens will be bursting with voluptuous Vampires pretty soon.



VAN HELSING'S HISTORY of HORROR



"A HUMAN BEING WHO CHANGES INTO THE SHAPE OF A WOLF AND WHO IS THEN POSSESSED OF ALL THE VICIOUS CUNNING, BRUTE STRENGTH AND SPEED OF THAT ANIMAL" -- THUS WE DEFINE THE HALF-MAN, HALF-BEAST WHO HAS RIPPED AND ROARED HIS BLOODY PATH ACROSS THE HISTORY OF HUMAN-KIND! THUS WE DEFINE ...

THE WEREWOLF!

FROM THE MOST ANCIENT DAYS OF CIVILISATION, THROUGH THE PLAGUES AND WITCH-HUNTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE GOTHIC GLOOM OF LATER CENTURIES, THE WOLFMAN HAS STALKED!



THOUGH DETAILS DIFFER IN HISTORICAL ACCOUNTS, HIS UNBRIDLED CRUELTY, BESTIAL FEROCITY AND RAVENING HUNGER HAVE REMAINED UNQUESTIONED.

THROUGHOUT THE AGES, THE UNHOLY LINK BETWEEN WITCHCRAFT AND THE WEREWOLF HAS BEEN STRONG ...

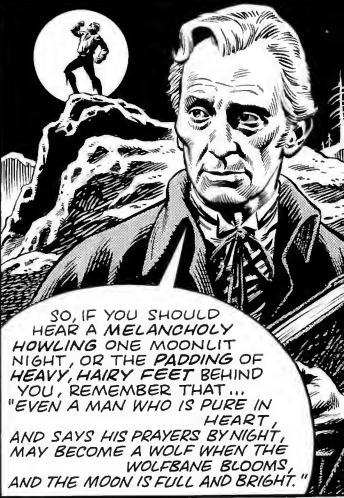


A WITCH WOULD CALL UPON THE DEVIL TO METAMORPHOSE A YOUNG MAN INTO WOLF-FORM TO ATTACK HER ENEMIES, OR EVEN CAUSE THE WEREWOLF TO KILL HIS OWN LOVED ONES.

SIMILARLY, A VENGEFUL WITCH MIGHT DOOM THE FIRST-BORN OF HER TORMENTORS TO BECOME A BLOOD-LUSTING WEREWOLF WITH EVERY FULL MOON.



THE BLACK MAGIC WHICH HAD CREATED THE WEREWOLF WOULD ALSO PROTECT HIM FROM HARM. ONLY FIRE OR MORTAL INJURY FROM A SILVER WEAPON (SUCH AS SILVER BULLETS) COULD KILL HIM. IN DEATH, HIS HUMAN FORM WOULD BE REGAINED.



SO, IF YOU SHOULD HEAR A MELANCHOLY HOWLING ONE MOONLIT NIGHT, OR THE PADING OF Hairy FEET BEHIND YOU REMEMBER THAT ... "EVEN A MAN WHO IS PURE IN HEART, AND SAYS HIS PRAYERS BY NIGHT, MAY BECOME A WOLF WHEN THE WOLFbane BLOOMS, AND THE MOON IS FULL AND BRIGHT."

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